Week ending April 5 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

NORMAN WISDOM, little man on top of the world — by W. G. Greatorex

THE NAKED ISLAND: Prisoner who tricked the Japs—by Russell Braddon

ANNOUNCING!

NEW INGREDIENT IN LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

...even longer-lasting protection against B.O.

(Body Odour)

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap contains a new purifying ingredient — gives you greater skin cleanliness, even longer-lasting protection from B.O. You'll love the new perfume, too — it's so refreshingly different. Four out of five women who were asked to try new Lifebuoy welcomed its new fragrance — and their husbands agreed! For real glowing invigoration—for a bath that's excitingly refreshing — for even better protection — try new Lifebuoy Toilet Soap today.

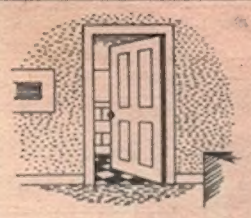
And also **NEW BIG BATH SIZE**

Luxurious baths are yours now with twice the lather, twice the fragrance in every tablet.

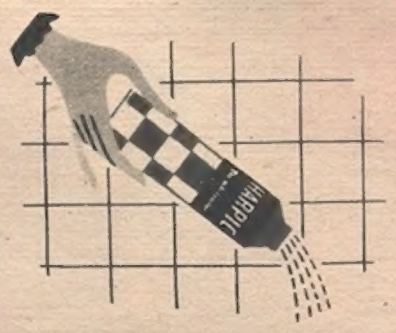
Lifebuoy · Now in Bath Size and Toilet Size

LBT 725-71

A LEVER PRODUCT



A hint about the "smallest room"



So easy to use! Just sprinkle Harpic into the bowl. Its powerful action begins to clean and disinfect right away.

Then leave overnight so that germ-killing Harpic can get to work. First thing next morning — flush the bowl.

No brush can reach round the hidden S-bend where disease germs can breed. But Harpic can — it deep-cleans!

**What? Every night? Yes — many women now use Harpic daily. After all, they argue — the lavatory is used every day!*

ALL NIGHT LONG, while you're asleep, Harpic is deep-cleaning round the S-bend . . . disinfecting . . . deodorizing . . . making the lavatory bowl sanitary-clean and sparkling white!

NOW! Perfumed and non-perfumed. Two kinds of Harpic are now in the shops—the non-perfumed kind and one with an added fresh fragrance.

specially made for the lavatory

Reckitt & Colman Ltd., Hull

MY CHILD?

NEVER!

It's nobody's fault: any child, unfortunately, can pick up head lice. There is no need to reproach yourself or worry about it. One application of SULEO HAIR EMULSION will clear the most heavily infested head. *Rapid in action—harmless to hair and scalp—non-irritant—undetectable after use.* Guaranteed completely non-inflammable.

SULEO the SAFE remedy

Obtainable from all Chemists 2/2 a bottle

IT'S A JEYES' PRODUCT

It's real **dress sense** to dress the Smartwear way

Jumper Suit with popular all-round pleated skirt. Jacket cut and fastened with the new small boot button type buttons which also top the new square pockets. Elbow length sleeve and self belt. Colours: Navy, Beige, Lt. Blue, Gold. Hips: 36, 38, 40, 42 in.

12/6 MONTHLY or if preferred cash £3.15.7

We guarantee to fit you to perfection by post: money refunded if not satisfied.

Post coupon below for catalogue (enclose 2½d. stamp) or visit our showrooms.

Smartwear LTD

263 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1. Also at 9 South Parade, Nottingham.

SOPHIE

Please send Spring Fashion Catalogue and full details of Easy Payment Terms. I enclose 2½d. stamp for this and the next issue.

MRS./MISS.....

ADDRESS.....

..... J.B.

Our coal is golden!

"WE USE LESS than one-fifth of the heat and power in our coal. The rest is wasted."

So says a former Fuel Minister, Mr. Philip Noel-Baker. He illuminates a fact which is at last becoming obvious—that there are far bigger and quicker results to be got from saving coal than from exhorting too few miners to dig more of it.

Mr. Noel-Baker said we really *use* only eighteen per cent of our coal. But if that eighteen per cent were raised to twenty-eight per cent, it would be equal to 60,000,000 tons—a quarter of the national annual output.

It *can* be done. Science has found the means. It *must* be done. The Government will have to see to that, with conscious help from all the people.

FOR it is tragic, ridiculous and unnecessary that this powerful nation should flounder from crisis to crisis, should be handicapped in defence and in trade, should suffer humiliation and hardship—all for want of a few millions of tons of coal annually.

And when that coal has actually been dug, but is being wasted, how much more absurd we make ourselves!

Mr. Noel-Baker's successor at the Fuel Ministry, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, must be in possession of the same facts and should act on them with relentless vigour.

THROUGHOUT industry today there is gross waste of precious coal.

Some of this is due to out-of-date factories which dissipate both heat and power. Some is due to unskilled labour, especially in boiler stoking. It is estimated that only one per cent of stokers in industrial plants generally have been properly trained. This vital job is usually left to any muscular but untrained man. He can waste in a week as much coal as a miner can dig in the same time.

By education and regulation in industry, with energetic modernizing of old equipment, many millions of tons of coal could be saved *this* year—not at some tantalizing date in the distant future.

Such a drive would solve the nation's immediate fuel problem. It would save money. And it would relieve the hardship which the chronic shortage inflicts on people in their homes.

YET at home, too, much more can be done to economize. The wasteful old-fashioned grate and the open fire—with its sentimental hold—are the culprits.

Well, today it is possible to be both sentimental and economical—to have an open fire which saves sixty per cent of the coal used by the old ones. Small modern grates of an approved type can be installed fairly cheaply.

And for people who do *not* cling to open fires, the new enclosed and semi-enclosed "heating appliances"—as the fuel experts call them—heat more of the room, give hot water, and burn rubbish as well as various forms of solid fuel.

Thanks to Government encouragement and the pressure of coal bills on housekeeping money, these are now growing in favour.

Nearly a million more will be installed in people's homes this year, compared with 200,000, mostly in new houses, five years ago.

ANOTHER great advantage of all this fuel-saving apparatus, whether industrial or domestic, is that it reduces the amount of smoke, soot and gases poured into the air by Britain's millions of chimneys.

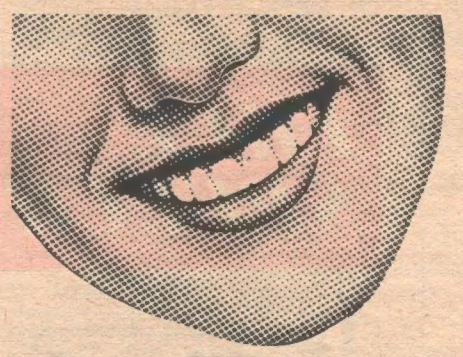
Smoke pollution is bad for our health, our crops and our buildings. Startling differences are seen in the size of plants grown in big towns and those in the clean air outside. Townspeople suffer more harshly than countryfolk from diseases of the lungs.

So we have every conceivable reason for starting an all-out drive to end the waste of coal. It could make the difference between success and failure in our bid for national solvency.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

APRIL Fool's Day, say the scholars, is of unknown antiquity—a folly as old as time. Parents who, like those in Richard O. Rose's painting, fell victims this year, may also draw comfort in knowing that the custom is almost universal. And their chagrin can hardly equal that of a pack of London dignitaries in 1698. *They* were invited to the Tower to view the "ceremony of Washing the White Lions"—and went, poor fish.

JOHN BULL
NORMAN WISDOM, little man on top of the world — by W. E. Greatorex
THE NAKED ISLAND: Prisoner who tricked the Japs—by Russell Braddon



Its unusual flavour shows that **Euthymol** is a remarkable toothpaste!

It's the selected ingredients that make Euthymol Toothpaste *different*. It is scientifically prepared to help keep your teeth, mouth and gums *clean*, *fresh* and *healthy*. And the unusual flavour tells you it's doing its job.

STANDARD SIZE 1/9
★
DOUBLE SIZE 2/9

ask your Chemist's opinion of EUTHYMOL

You don't have to be an expert to use

VALSPAR
2-4 HOUR LACQUER

★ DRIES IN 2-4 HOURS
★ WITHSTANDS BOILING WATER
★ NO PRIMING OR UNDERCOATING REQUIRED
★ STEAM, HEAT, OIL AND PETROL PROOF
★ SUITABLE FOR ALL SURFACES—EVEN TILES
★ EASILY APPLIED AND EASILY CLEANED
★ MANY LOVELY INTERMIXABLE COLOURS

Write for booklet and name of stockist to the Sole Manufacturers, U.K. Goodlass, Wall & Co. Ltd., 179/185, Great Portland St., W.1. Est. 1840

. . . so much depends on your choice of a laxative

Clear-eyed loveliness, youthful charm come from a refreshed, regular and invigorated system. Dr. Janssen's Tablets are a natural tonic laxative, medically tested and approved. Their costlier ingredients include a tonic content which tones up the whole digestive system. Choose Dr. Janssen's Tablets because they are *the non habit-forming laxative* and may be taken when required, or regularly, with the same beneficial results. Dr. Janssen's Tablets cleanse your blood-stream of poisonous waste; improve your complexion, bring a new sparkle to your eyes.

Dr. JANSSEN'S TABLETS

THE natural TONIC LAXATIVE

Available in two strengths—Normal and Strong
From all chemists

Happy Days

when healthy kidney action has rid you of rheumatic pains, backache and urinary troubles.

"Every Picture tells a story"

MISCHIEF soon starts when the action of the kidneys slackens and permits excess uric acid and other harmful impurities to remain in the blood.

Possibly you feel tired, miserable and depressed; your back aching, muscles and joints stiff and sore. You may be bothered by lumbago, rheumatic pains or the common urinary disorders due to sluggish kidney action.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Thousands of healthy men and women testify that this well-known kidney medicine has rid them of these trying ailments. *Why not let Doan's do the same for you?*

1/7, 3/9½, 6/4. *Ask your chemist for*

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills

FREE SPEECH

The right age for a girl to marry?

MY DAUGHTER, who is only seventeen, has just told me that she wants to marry a boy of twenty-one, whom she met at a dance three weeks ago. He is a fine lad with a good job, and they seem to be very much in love. But should I give my consent?

It would be easy to say that they are too young and should wait a little while—but for one thing: I met my wife when I was twenty and she was eighteen. We were married a month later and have been ideally happy for nineteen years.—A. F., Nottingham.

Women Must—Work

OF COURSE, almost all mothers would agree with the teacher who wrote ("Free Speech," March 15) that home is a dismal place for children if mother is out at work. But I think it must be realized that, with the cost of living as high as it is today, many mothers are compelled to take up some work, or sacrifice the standards to which they want to bring up their families. Even though my husband has a regular salary and earns nearly £600 a year, I have found it necessary to take a job or give up some of the things we, or our three children, need. I have been able to find part-time work, which means that I am only away while my children are at school. But not everyone can be so fortunate.—MOTHER, London, S.W.

Storing The Eggs

NOTICING THAT THE eggs laid by our six pullets were diminishing, we kept watch and saw our eight-month-old puppy emerge from the henhouse with an egg carefully held in his mouth. We searched for the missing eggs, but could not find them. Three weeks later he unearthed the first of his treasures, buried in the garden—a much-begrimed egg which was uncracked and in perfect condition. We are now waiting for him to produce the rest.—H. PEGRAM, The Firs, Ridgmont, Bletchley, Bucks.

Shopping Weather

HOW MANY WOMEN like shopping on a miserable rainy day? I always enjoy it. Shopkeepers welcome customers

more heartily on a wet day when trade is slack; and assistants have more time. The attention I get is always a tonic.—MISS A. YELLAND, 21 Meersbrook Road, Sheffield.

More Programmes Wanted

YOUR EDITORIAL, "No 'Sales Talk' Here" (JOHN BULL, March 15), made out a case against sponsored broadcasting. No doubt the B.B.C. do try to provide a service conducted in the interests of the nation, but various interpretations of those "interests" are possible and the voices of those who have an unusual interpretation are not heard. Even if there is no resort to commercial broadcasting, there should be an increase in the number of autonomous programme centres.—E. G. MACFARLANE, World Parliament Party, 3 Alpin Road, Dundee.

. . . Nothing, in my opinion, would lower the standard of broadcasting so much as commercial advertising. We should suffer a constant stream of jazzy music and, no doubt, a surfeit of broad comedians. The B.B.C. may not please everyone, but it does try to suit all tastes.—R. WHITELAW, 53 Highcroft Avenue, Glasgow.

What The Artists Use

PETTS, ZELINSKI, LITTLE, RUTHERFORD, Mays, Laurent, Lampitt—the work of all these artists who do the illustrations for JOHN BULL interests me very much. I have often wondered how they do their work and what medium they use.—R. HOLMES, 10 Tees Crescent, Stanley, Co. Durham.

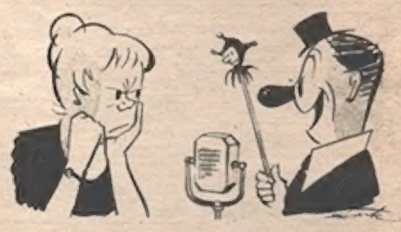
Petts: body colour, used very thinly; Zelinski: thin oil colour; Little: pure water colour, with occasional touches of body colour; Mays: either oils or water colour; Rutherford: oils; Laurent: water colour and thin body colour; Lampitt: water colour and, occasionally, oils.

All Came To Listen

WE LIVE IN A country district of British Guiana, where my husband manages a rice estate. The death of the King came as a personal loss to the whole district. When the proclamation of the Queen was read in front of the district commissioner's office, a crowd of Indians, Europeans, Negroes, Chinese and those of mixed blood stood together, heads bowed, to listen to the ceremony—a practical demonstration of the patriotism of the Commonwealth.—MRS. J. I. BRODIE, Anna Regina, Essequibo, British Guiana, South America.

The Jollier Sex

GENERALLY SPEAKING, women who take part in radio quiz programmes seem to lack a sense of humour and to be unable to lose as gracefully as men. There are



exceptions, of course, but most women on the air make me ashamed of my own sex.—MRS. PAT PRIESTLEY, Sunnymede, Forder Valley Road, Plymouth.

Danger In The Playground

I HAVE JUST GIVEN first-aid to a child with a ghastly wound just below the eye, caused by a stone shot from a catapault. Dangerous toys such as these should be prohibited by law, at least to children who are too young to realize how precious is eyesight.—B. RICHMOND, Terelber, Broadway, Sheffield.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Story behind the signing

READING Russell Braddon's memorable work, *The Naked Island*, I was very surprised to see your photograph of the thousands of prisoners crowded into Selerang barrack square. I was one of those thousands and I had no idea that such a picture existed. As Braddon explained, he was not in Selerang at that time (September, 1942), but here is a full account of that atrocity.

Ronald Searle's sketch on the "no escape" document

It began when the Japanese commander, Lieut.-Colonel Oyami, ordered that a promise not to attempt to escape was to be signed by all the prisoners held in the Fort Changi area. To a man, the British and Australian troops refused.

On September 1 all troops in the Changi area were ordered into Selerang. This meant that 19,227 men were crowded into an area of less than five acres. Sick and limbless men were herded in with them.

The packed square and the seven barrack buildings presented a shocking sight. On stairways of the buildings, on rooftops and even on the dangerous concrete gutterings running round the buildings, men were crowded precariously. The barrack square was one press of men, wedged together under a blazing tropical sun.

When the sun went down the men started singing to show that their spirit was not broken. By pressing and straining, space was made for some of the sick men to lie down. The second day was very hot and it was not long before two British soldiers died. Permission to remove the bodies was refused. Doctors reported a severe outbreak of dysentery, which spread rapidly.

On the fourth day, the senior British and Australian commanders were taken to a beach near Changi and told they were to witness the execution of four men (two British and two Australian) who had been caught trying to escape. In reality, they had been dragged by the Japs from the hospital in which they were patients and they were shot by a firing squad of Sikhs (who had gone over to the enemy) after being made to dig their own graves.

Later tha day, after the Japs had threatened to move the British and Australian hospitals into the square, the two commanders ordered the prisoners to sign, as further refusal would mean certain death for many sick men.—G. K. TOPPING, 37 Cotswold Drive, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

"Paddy Outwits The Japs," by Russell Braddon, begins on page 13

Quality at your feet

You will discover in Portland shoes everything you look for in footwear—an awareness of fashion, a concern for your comfort and an insistence on quality to the smallest detail of their construction.

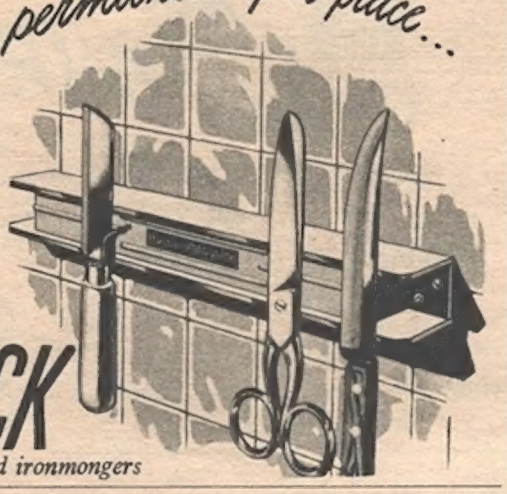
P7590
In Black, Brown or Blue Kid.
Black or Grey Suede Kid.
30 Shape
Extra Wide Fitting
Price 65/-

Portland
STYLE · COMFORT SHOES
In sizes and half-sizes 2-9.

Send for new styles booklet to:
PORTLAND SHOES LTD (Dept 52), LEICESTER

New! magnetic rack keeps tools permanently in place...

Wherever you use knives, scissors or spanners, you need a Magi-rack. Its guaranteed magnetism keeps them firmly in place — yet ready to be whisked off in a moment. Get your Magi-rack to-day!



Prestige
MAGI-RACK
Obtainable at all good stores and ironmongers

HALL'S WINE

SPEEDS UP CONVALESCENCE

a wineglassful twice a day works fast and works wonders

16/- A BOTTLE 8/6 HALF BOTTLE

Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3. (18).

HOOVER & ELECTROLUX etc

(REBUILT)
£6.15.-

no purchase tax!

Limited quantity of these famous cleaners fully guaranteed by S.E.P. Ltd.

Post today!

S.E.P. LTD., 4 EDEN STREET, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES
JB2/52 *Phone: Kingston 3317*
Please send me details of Rebuilt vacuum cleaners without obligation
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
Use 1½d. stamp on unsealed envelope

BRANCHES IN MOST PRINCIPAL TOWNS

Which Twin has the Toni—
AND WHICH HAS THE EXPENSIVE PERM?

(See answer below)

Hairstyles by a famous coiffeur.

Why Toni is still the overwhelming favourite among all home perms

Proved by millions
Millions of satisfied users know that tried and proved Toni gives a permanent wave that means all day—every day loveliness for you, month after month.

Looks so natural
Toni gives you a permanent wave that looks and acts immediately like naturally curly hair. No wonder more women in Britain use Toni than all other home perms combined.

Twice as easy
Toni's patented SPIN Curlers make winding twice as easy, so much faster. Grip — spin — lock with a flick of your finger. Up goes your hair in a perfect curl!

Feels so soft
Toni's wonderful Creme Lotion gently coaxes your hair into silky-soft waves and curls. Your hair looks lovelier—your wave lasts longer, much longer.

Which Twin has the Toni? Compare Priscilla Emery's Toni (on the right) with her sister Patricia's expensive perm and you'll agree that even the most expensive perm can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni—*for a fraction of the cost.*

Whole Head Refill costs only:— **8/4**

If you have no curlers, buy the Whole Head Kit with Spin Curlers — **16/8,** or with Standard Curlers—**12/6.** End Curl Kit with Midget Spin Curlers—**8/4.** End Curl Refill — **5/6.**

Toni
Home Perm

HELPS KEEP DOWN YOUR COST OF LIVING

Why are you so worried, dear?

"Oh! Just work. It's getting on top of me these days and I'm making such stupid mistakes. I don't seem to have any energy or power of concentration."

"*I wish I could help you. I've got an idea, but I don't know whether you will agree with it.*"

"I'll consider any idea that will help me to find my old form again."

"*Right. Then I'll get you some Phyllosan tablets. They've done so many people so much good—I'm sure they are just what you need.*"

"Phyllosan tablets! Why didn't I think of them myself! I shall start taking them right away. If they give me back the energy I need—I'll buy you a new hat."

"*I'll get the Phyllosan tablets at once—I know they will do you good. And I'll start looking for the new hat!*"

PHYLLOSAN

fortifies the over-forties

by restoring digestive and metabolic tone

strengthening the nerves and increasing energy

Of all chemists, 3/8, 6/-, **NEW 12/6 SIZE,** *and* 22/4

CYCLE YOUR FARES AWAY!

.. on a NEW BIKE from CURRYS

MODELS FROM **£12.10** OR **4/6** WEEKLY

Also Nation-Wide Agents for

RALEIGH · HERCULES · TRIUMPH · ROBIN HOOD

All available on standard H.P. Terms

★ **FREE!** *Write for cycle folder in colour:-* CURRYS LIMITED. Head Office, (Dept. J.B.1), 77 Uxbridge Rd. Ealing, London, W. 5

Currys LTD. OVER 235 BRANCHES

Oh Dear! Another COLD —I Must Take a Beecham's Powder at Once!

Beecham's Powders are wonderful for COLDS and CHILLS. Owing to their *powder* form they *set to work without delay to bring you speedy, safe relief.* The headachy feeling goes, sneezing stops, uncomfortable "shivers" and aches subside. Soon you can cheerfully exclaim "Ah! *That's* BETTER!"

Ah! THAT'S BETTER!

2 Powders for 5½d. Cartons of 8 Powders—1/8d.

FOR COLDS CHILLS 'FLU FEVERISHNESS HEADACHES RHEUMATIC PAINS LUMBAGO

Rely On BEECHAM'S POWDERS For QUICK RELIEF!

ALSO IN TABLET FORM 1/8 PER BOTTLE

School for Mothers

SHE was a young farm-labourer's wife, and she faced a charge of child neglect. Inexperienced, harassed by the demands of three small children, discouraged by wretched living conditions, she had become utterly apathetic. We were asked to help, and with her youngest child we sent her to "Mayflower", our training home for neglectful mothers. In healthy, restful surroundings she soon responded to the kindly guidance she found there, and at cooking, cleaning, sewing, housekeeping, child-care she proved a willing pupil. When the time came for her to rejoin the family—now decently housed—she was all a mother and a housewife should be.

"Mayflower" has proved a most valuable social experiment; many mothers, whose only faults were ignorance and inexperience, have been helped there. The work of The Salvation Army is still dependent upon individual generosity. Will you help, by donation or legacy? Please send a gift to General Albert Orsborn,

101, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4

WHERE THERE'S NEED . . .

The Salvation Army

One week of **Squeak** DESTROYS ALL MICE!

1'6

Mice spread disease. Three years of scientific research produced SQUEAK the positive mouse killer. Painless to mice. Harmless to children and pets.

FROM CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC. OR DIRECT FROM:

SOREX (London) Ltd 105, TONBRIDGE ROAD MAIDSTONE • KENT

Published by BENBOW'S, makers of the famous, century-old dog mixture, it tells you all you need to know about feeding, grooming, exercise, how to keep your dog in peak condition, when to seek the help of your vet. Send 2½d. stamp now for your free copy to: BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE CO. LTD., (Dept. J.B.1)10, Station Road, Shortlands, Kent.

GUINEAS FOR DOG SNAPSHOTS

Enter your favourite dog photo! Over 100 prizes to be won this summer. Write now for *free* entry form to address above.

She felt suddenly tearful, but was distracted by the roar of the approaching plane. "That's him," he said, "bouncing up and down in the storm"

Captain of the Northbound Crew

by ***DAVID BEATY***

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McNAMARA

Between "hallo" and "goodbye" there was so little interval that they might not have met at all. Yet now she knew his past, his present and his future

ALREADY THE DANCE HAD STARTED. The music leaked softly through her door, through the half open window, up through the floorboards. The shrill call of the tree frogs in the cedar woods outside now added a foreign piquancy to the American rhythm she knew so well.

She sat in front of the mirror in her white underclothes, taking her time in carefully underlining with expensive cosmetics the many good features of her face. Her new evening dress lay on the bed like a thin coating of vivid yellow lacquer, especially to startle the colour-starved coverlet the hotel provided. The anticipation which had languished on the boat coming over (there had been so many women, just like her, coming to Bermuda for a holiday from the office) revived excitedly in the fluttering ritual of her preparations for the evening.

Satisfied with herself at last, she came downstairs slowly, looking as though she cared to know no one, her whole body expressing a self-absorption that was designed as an alibi, lest her solitary splendid appearance be suspected. Not many people watched her as she looked towards the dance floor, which was now surrounded by tables set for dinner, on each a lighted candle inside a heart-shaped shade of glass. On some of the side plates there was a passion flower, a gift from the management to those ladies who had arrived that day, together with a little printed tract pointing out where to look in its waxy complications for the disciples, the robe, the cross, the nails and the blood. It was an exotic, refreshing reminder that this was an alien island, a faraway paradise of a place not unconnected with heaven. She looked at the bloom nearest to her with reverence; how immaculate and tidy it lay.

Nobody was having dinner yet, but two couples were dancing; both American, she was

Continued on page 22

Learning to be happy though shipwrecked

by DENNIS HOLMAN

In Arctic cold, the Navy's "guinea-pigs" were set adrift to live on sweets and water. Then they did the same in the tropics. Their experiments may save countless lives at sea

This is how Army volunteers at Portobello pool tested drugs to combat sea-sickness.

HER MAJESTY'S MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT 5019 is a fast patrol vessel, designed for protecting convoys against submarine attacks. But one day in March last year, she and two sister ships were proceeding at twenty-five knots through rough seas on a vastly different operation. In their forward mess decks sat batches of soldiers, some reacting like landlubbers to the violent pitch and roll of the ship. As each one reached for his paper bag, a sailor with a notebook noted the man's name and the time.

The Navy defines sea-sickness as a condition in which, for the first half-hour, a man is afraid he is going to die, and for the next half-hour is afraid he is not. The soldiers that morning were testing various antidotes, not in order to make sailing more comfortable for sailors, as one of the volunteers had imagined, but because sea-sickness causes loss of water—a critical loss to a shipwrecked man adrift in an open boat. About 40,000 survivors from sinkings in the last war died largely through loss of water.

Since the war, the Navy has been working on the problem of survival at sea, and rescue. In association with the Department of Experimental Medicine at Cambridge University, it has brought about a complete revolution in the design and provisioning of life-saving apparatus. But the work was not done without the help of human guinea-pigs. One of these was Petty Officer Leslie Hawkey. Hawkey was stationed at Plymouth, helping an officer to build a boat he had designed, and in which they planned to sail to the Azores, when the officer was put in charge of an experimental team that was then being formed. With fifty others, Hawkey volunteered for the job. From these, twelve "guinea-pigs" were picked.

Lived On Distilled Water

They have since lived under all imaginable conditions, with every clinical detail of their lives analysed, every change recorded in their pulse beats, respiration, temperatures, weights and blood pressures. For three days they were progressively dehydrated in a hot room, subsisting on small quantities of distilled water, or glucose and water, or fresh and salt water mixed. They lived in Arctic suits in temperatures below freezing. For five days they were "shipwrecked" on a special raft in Arctic waters off the coast of Norway, and they spent another five days afloat in tropical waters in Malaya.

A sailor's chances of survival depend very much on where his ship sinks. He is quite likely to be immersed for some time before reaching a boat or raft, and then he may get wet again and again from waves breaking over the sides. In the North Atlantic or sub-Arctic waters, with the sea sometimes below freezing, with high winds and snow and the survivor often clad in little more than his underwear, death follows in a matter of a few hours. In the tropics, though a survivor may not suffer the severe shock of icy immersion, he still has to face intense hardships caused by blistering sunburn, heat exhaustion, boils, sores and ulcers.

In tropical waters there is also the menace of attacking fish. There have been many accounts of sharks waiting for men to die and the bodies to be thrown overboard. Sharks have even put their snouts over the side of the rafts to tear off the limbs of the men still living. Worse than sharks are barracudas, the large and savage "tiger fish" of the Caribbean, and the bluefish of the mid-Atlantic, their large, muscular jaws filled with razor-sharp teeth. Bluefish swim in shoals, and men in Carley floats, immersed to the armpits, are entirely at their mercy. Surgeon Captain Macdonald Critchley records how survivors picked up after nearly four days had jagged wounds where fish had bitten off large pieces of muscle. Some of the men, exhausted by lack of food and water, had been eaten alive.

Inflated Automatically

Curiously, the Navy's answer to the dangers of the Arctic and the tropics is the same raft. Having lived on one long enough, Petty Officer Hawkey describes its features with the conviction and enthusiasm of a born salesman.

The new life-raft is made of rubber fabric, designed on the lines of a big, open R.A.F. dinghy, but with a roof, supported by inflatable arches which blow up with the rest of the raft the moment a carbon dioxide cylinder on the underside is released. This is done as the raft is thrown overboard, by a tripcord attached to the ship; if the ship sinks first the raft is left floating on the surface, having been inflated in fifteen seconds. The float is in sections, so that it does not necessarily sink if one or more of the sections are punctured.

"It's almost impossible to sink," Hawkey adds. "If the buoyancy goes you can turn it upside down and use it like a boat."

There is room for twenty men—and more at a squeeze—on the cushioned, inflatable seats. Entrances are at each end, through a sleeve; it is snug inside because ventilation can be controlled to prevent loss of heat. When Hawkey and eleven other men tested the life-raft in a Norwegian fjord with ice in the sea, the temperature rose to 85 deg., and one man fainted with the heat. Cold air had to be let in. Humidity also rose very rapidly, so that those who had been soaked before getting into the raft did not suffer from the cooling effect of their clothes drying. They remained wet, but warm.

In the tropical tests the entrances were opened up to admit a free current of air, and the human guinea-pigs lost no water from their bodies through sweating. They were protected against sunburn. There were no ulcers, sores or blisters, and there was no marked exhaustion: they even managed a swim every day—until a shark was reported.

Hawkey's previous experience of a "fish" had been on the Arctic test. One night, stretched out with the others in a knot of arms and legs, he was suddenly roused by a persistent scraping. He felt something thrusting up against the fabric under him and, with visions of giant Norwegian swordfish, he went outside with a torch to investigate. It was only the pack-ice beginning to move.

Though the life-raft is still experimental, it has reached the stage where it looks as though it will be adopted. The roof of the raft is a bright orange, so that it can be spotted easily from the air. The policy is that the raft should not be made navigable: adrift, the rafts would stay together, making rescue simpler for ships directed to them by meteorological experts at the Admiralty. The Navy counts on being able to rescue shipwrecked seamen in fewer than five days. A life-raft could protect men from exposure for much longer periods, but there is the problem of food and water.

Death From Dehydration

"A man's minimum requirement of water to maintain health is about two and a half pints a day," says Surgeon Lieutenant G. R. Hervey, attached to the Department of Experimental Medicine. "But few shipwrecked sailors have ever had such a ration." Most have had to make do with perhaps a few ounces a day for weeks on end.

Without water, a man dies from dehydration, or anhydraemia. Thirst increases as the mucous membrane at the back of the tongue becomes dryer and the saliva more sticky. The tongue swells, the lips crack, and the need for water outweighs all other hardships. Chewing and swallowing become difficult; biscuit crumbs lodge on the tongue, blowing away hours later like dust. The tongue furs thickly; the skin loses its

The rafts were tossed violently by artificial waves. It's almost impossible to sink them, says Petty Officer Hawkey

McDonald (centre) and his comrades spent five days in this life-raft in Arctic waters. The canaries were used to give warning of deadly fumes

elasticity; circulation slows down; the body becomes emaciated and the features sunken; the eyeballs protrude. Strangely, the eyesight is said to improve.

Temptation Of Sea-water

Shipwrecked men suck buttons or coins to increase the flow of saliva, but this gives no more than temporary relief. Rinsing the mouth with salt water and spitting it out is often tried, but the method is dangerous. Sea-water is fatally tempting to swallow, because it immediately slakes the thirst, and the victim is driven to continue: after cold, sea-water poisoning is considered by such experts as Dr. Critchley to be probably the commonest cause of death among shipwrecked sailors.

Though bowel movements stop if the system is given no food to digest, a starving person continues to live on his own tissues—a strictly protein diet which still requires the elimination of toxins from the blood, through the bladder. But the bladder excretes salt in a two per cent solution only, whereas sea-water is three and a half per cent salt. The excess of salt is deposited in the tissues under the skin, the victim being in fact pickled alive. He dies raving, due to desiccation of the brain cells.

According to Dr. Hervey, a man will live much longer if he does not drink sea-water; there have been incredible feats of endurance. The known record of survival without water is eleven days, life being impossible after fourteen. This is at sea, with a highly saturated atmosphere. In a dry, hot desert, with profuse sweating and rapid evaporation, dehydration can overtake a man with terrible effects within twenty-four hours.

Water is the prime need, because men can live without food for up to eight weeks. What Hawkey and his comrades existed on for the five-day Arctic test was a daily ration of thirty toffees, some condensed milk and two-thirds of a pint of water. In the tropics the ration was twenty boiled sweets and half a pint of water.

"The second day was always the worst for hunger and thirst," Hawkey says. "After that it became routine. Much time was taken up with blood samples, pulses and temperatures being taken every hour or so by Dr. Glaser, of the Department of Experimental Medicine, who was a 'guinea-pig' himself."

For their first meal after the Arctic test the volunteers were given soup, fried eggs, toast and tea. Hawkey could not finish his meal—he felt "full up." Few of the others did any better.

After both tests the men lost an average of ten per cent of their body weight, but little of their efficiency. None suffered any ill-effects. Normal weight and efficiency were soon restored, demonstrating that if survivors are picked up within five days they can be sent back to normal duties straight away.

Sweets are chosen as the staple diet for survivors because they are a highly concentrated energy food. They help to cut down on the use of body tissues, thereby saving water that would otherwise be necessary for excreting excessive toxins left from the metabolism of a strictly protein diet.

Quenched Thirst With Ice

If Hawkey or any of the other volunteers got cold in the Arctic, they did a bit of baling, or they pumped up the raft and seats with a pair of bellows. There was a good deal of condensation always dripping down on them, and sometimes it froze. One night Hawkey heard crunching: a "guinea-pig" was quenching his thirst with ice.

Two emergency water-producing systems are provided for use when a raft cannot be loaded with water before being launched. One is a set of tablets in a rubber bag. The tablets deposit the salt in sea-water when shaken up vigorously with it in the bag.

For the tropics there is an ingenious portable sun-still—a transparent balloon containing a strip of black felt. The felt is soaked with sea-water, and the balloon blown up and trailed in the sea. The heat of the sun vaporizes the salt-water soaking the felt, the vapour is condensed against the sides of the balloon kept cool in contact with the sea, and small quantities of distilled water are collected in an angular funnel and drained off. Aboard the new life-rafts, provision is also made for collecting rain-water.

Snug and comfortable as the life-raft may be, its behaviour at sea is no more stable than any float or open boat. Transferred suddenly from the steady roll and pitch of a ship to a small craft bobbing about on the waves, most survivors are immediately sea-sick, and the loss of water can be very serious indeed.

Drugs Prevent Sickness

In recent years, claims that they cure sea-sickness have been made for a number of drugs, particularly Dramamine, one of the anti-histamine compounds manufactured in the hope that they would cure the common cold. Dramamine's value as a sea-sickness antidote was discovered accidently by a woman who took it for her cold and found she did not get sea-sick. It has been thought that other drugs, namely hyoscine, phenergan and benadryl, might be more effective, and it was to test their efficiency that the volunteers from the Army were taken on their rough rides in the patrol boats last year.

The results were very satisfactory. "Of those who might otherwise have vomited, ninety-six per cent were protected from vomiting by hyoscine," says Dr. Hervey, who was one of the team conducting the experiment.

Further tests were carried out in the Portobello bathing pool, Edinburgh, to try different doses and mixtures of the drugs. The rafts were used this time, with a wave-making device to produce the required conditions, and again the human guinea-pigs were volunteers from the Army. Hawkey and another of the original "pigs," Able Seaman McDonald, acted as observers. The other "guinea-pigs" are now scattered, at sea and in various overseas stations. Three of them married girls from Cambridge, where the members of the team, distinguished by their red bicycles, were well known throughout the town.

Hawkey received the M.B.E. for his work. To all of them the Navy acknowledges that by their hunger, thirst, cold and exhaustion, endured without complaint, the lives of shipwrecked survivors may one day be saved. THE END

Wisdom and his wife in their caravan home. Critics are calling him the new-age Charlie Chaplin

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Watched by singer Karen Greer, Wisdom studies his own performance during a television test

Little Man on top of the world

by W. G. GREATOREX

From a ragged-trousered childhood sprang the art that made Norman Wisdom into a £500-a-week star

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF 1948, a timid-looking little man with a humorously mobile face and Buster Keaton eyes was ready to give up trying to make a living as a comedian. With the girl he had married a few months before, he sat in a cramped bed-sitting room near Marble Arch, counting their assets, which totalled £3 10s.

The couple had just got back from a Continental tour which had folded up after a fortnight, leaving the comedian flattened and almost convinced that he lacked talent. "I hounded the theatres," he relates, "but there was nothing doing. Nobody wanted me." As a last resort, however, "just before getting out of show business," he called on a London theatrical agent who found him an inconspicuous spot in a variety bill at Blackpool.

Since then Norman Wisdom has been in rapidly increasing demand for provincial and West End variety, revues, pantomime, ice shows, television and commercial radio. Today he is the impresarios' white-headed boy, earns upwards of £500 weekly, and recently made an overnight reputation in America through two television appearances, for which he was reported to have been paid £1,000 in dollars. "In fact," he says, "it wasn't as much."

This disarming self-effacement is not a pose and, according to many of his friends, is his greatest failing. "He can't get over his own insignificance," said an acquaintance not long ago. When Wisdom stepped out of an aircraft on his return to Britain, wearing an overcoat two sizes too big for him, he was asked what it felt like to be a star. He cocked a caricature face and mumbled: "I'll tell you when I become one."

At thirty-one Norman Wisdom is not too far removed from his ragged-trousered childhood—"I was an urchin, a juvenile delinquent," he says—to have completely thrown off the sense of inferiority he developed then.

In fact, Wisdom's rôle today as the pathetic little character in baggy clothes is really a projection of himself when young. He mimes his way, mostly in silence, through all the emotions, from dejection to pure elation; and may, in the process, be a sort of adult waif, a slap-happy shadow-boxer who always takes the count, a clumsily ineffectual musician defeated by the size and weight of his own instruments, the victim of confidence tricksters or even his own friends' shabbiness in leaving him to wash the

Continued on page 21

V. P. Vane stopped short in his stride, staring into the hut. The man sat quite still, with the wind whistling round him. He seemed to be asleep

THE CORPSE ON THE PROM

by WILL SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT BAILEY

Why was he dressed for summer on a wild March day? The inquisitive Mr. Vane was mystified. Then, suddenly, the answer stared him in the face

LIKE A GREY STREAK ON A GREYER slate, his nose red and his eyes streaming, Vernon Peckwater Vane pulled his overcoat collar higher and stared through the biting north-easter.

Now why, his first thought was, *why*, in the name of all that's damned ridiculous, is the young man sitting *there*? A bit eccentric? Or completely mad?

He went a pace nearer and stopped. "The craziest place to be in all the world," he said to himself.

The promenade at Barney's Bay does not end. It degenerates, just beyond the Albion Hotel, into a flat concrete walk of half a mile or so in length, fronting some hundreds of little bathing cabins.

In July and August these bathing cabins go like hot cakes, but now, as Vane could see, they were still stripped for the winter and the doors removed.

The young man was sitting, seemingly asleep, in the corner of one of these open cavelets. But it wasn't the fact of his presence so much as the peculiarity of his attire that made V. P. Vane pull up.

For on this Saturday morning of an unusually bitter March day, the young man wore a vivid blazer, an open-necked shirt, white flannel trousers and white shoes. For all the world as if he had been sitting there since the height of the season eight months before!

So damn' silly, thought Vane. And since there was still an hour to his train, and the little town of Barney's Bay did not attract him, he went closer.

"Would you tell me," he asked politely, "if you do it for a bet?"

He soon found out that the young man did not do it for a bet, that he was not a bit eccentric or yet completely mad. That he was, indeed, dead. And even that he had been shot.

Suddenly Vane's long legs were racing back along the concrete path. He found a telephone box outside a shuttered wooden café and rushed

a message to the local police. Then he was racing once more to the bathing cabin and its unseasonable occupant.

He went down on his knees and investigated the floor of the bathing hut and found out that whoever had done it, it was not the young man himself. There was no weapon.

He went down a short wooden staircase to the beach, climbed to the top of the sloping cliff behind the huts, paced up and down the concrete path, trying to find things and think it all out.

The police, all three of them, when they arrived, were of the same opinion as Vane. It was damn' silly. Inspector Penny could hardly believe his eyes.

"But why is he dressed like summer?"

Vane said: "It's so incongruous."

"What I mean," said Inspector Penny, "is that he's all out of season."

"That," said Vane, "is what *I* mean."

PENNY gave him a slow look. Vane wasn't sure that the inspector cared for him. And he wasn't sure that he cared for the inspector.

"Funniest thing I've ever struck," said Penny to the two constables. "He can't be on holiday—well, not now, dressed up like that. Then where's he been since the season finished? Not in this bathing hut, or he'd have been found. Not walking about, or he'd have been seen."

"It seems to me——" said Vane.

"I'll come to you in a minute," said Penny. He sent one of his men off for the doctor and an ambulance and more police, and then turned his attention again to Vane.

"You just found the body before you telephoned, sir?"

"Yes."

"You're a stranger here, I believe?"

"That's right." He didn't like the somewhat sinister implication in the inspector's tone.

The inspector wanted particulars. Vane gave his name and address and added that he had been spending a day with Professor Buckfast at his seaside home just outside the town. About the purchase of a collection of books. Crime books. The inspector made no comment on the details, but his expression suggested that they were highly significant.

"What were you doing here?" he asked.

Vane said: "Having a walk. I like walking. It was a case of either having a good, brisk walk or hanging about a station waiting-room. What would you have done?"

Penny turned away, went through the pockets of the dead man and began to search the cabin.

"No weapon," V. P. said quietly.

Inspector Penny got up from his knees and stared at the long young man in front of him. His lips hovered into a slit, then disappeared. The stare moved to Vane's pockets.

"Come!" said V. P. "I'd have thrown it in the sea by now. Any sensible man would. Or taken it away and buried it somewhere. And I haven't gone away, as you see."

Penny tucked his notebook away and prepared to take the centre of the stage.

"I can find no evidence," Vane went on, "that he was carried ashore from a boat during the night. And there is no sign that he was carried down the cliff. But if it happened here, why is he dressed like that? It's all very puzzling."

"Do you mind keeping quiet for a moment?" Penny snapped.

"I'm only trying to help."

"I don't want your help."

Vane coughed. It sounded like a tut-tut.

Penny looked at his watch. "I shall want you to stay here."

"I was catching the ten-twenty," V. P. explained.

"You'll stay here!" said the inspector.

Vane, clapping his gloved hands, very much doubted it. He meant to get back to a cosy establishment in London, the Crime Shop, sole proprietor V. P. Vane.

The doctor came, the ambulance, and more police. And on their heels, in the magic way of such occasions, a little crowd. Vane heard the official opinion that the victim had probably been murdered about midnight, and that there was apparently nothing about the body or clothing to lead to easy identification; then he began to mingle with the little crowd.

A red-faced man with a silver horseshoe in his tie wanted details. V. P. informed him that from appearances it was certainly murder, probably madness, possibly magic. The red-faced man seemed to think him a fool and walked away. When the north-easter provided a diversion by snatching the doctor's hat to the edge of the waves, V. P. took the opportunity to slip away. The inspector knows where to find me if he wants me, he thought. And I can't tell him more than I've told him.

THE Albion Hotel had been built for the summer trade, and on this grey morning its festive air was worn thin and it looked as if it had been caught with its cardboard nose off. In its biggest front window was an orange-coloured bill, curling loose at one corner. When this caught V. P.'s eye, he stopped and read it. He said: "Ah!"

The clock tower along the front showed twenty-five minutes to eleven. It now meant taking the next train, in any case. Vane looked at the orange-coloured bill again. He said "Ah!" again. He turned into the saloon lounge of the Albion Hotel.

The barmaid's name was Lucy, and she was fifty if she was a day. V. P. got on well with barmaids. He had been told that he had a way with them. He sat on a high stool and smiled at Lucy.

Yes, she agreed, it *was* depressingly quiet, even for the time of the year. Although, she agreed again, they had been pretty full the previous evening. Nice, she thought, to see a bit of life.

"I'd like to have been here," said V. P. "A friend of mine was here, I believe. But you can't be in two places at once, can you?"

"Do you mean the young lady in black?" Lucy asked.

V. P., who had been meaning a young man who had since come to a sudden end, covered his astonishment by asking Lucy how she had guessed.

"She was a stranger, too," Lucy answered. "Like yourself." Then she said: "Was it you telephoned?"

Vane left it at "Ah!" and investigated the contents of his glass.

"The way you young fellows keep your girl friends waiting these days!" said Lucy. "A whole hour the poor thing waited. I knew there was something wrong, the way she was pacing up and down just before you telephoned. And *did* she clear out, the back way, quick, soon as you phoned? My word, she did!"

"Back way?" said Vane.

The way to the hotel's private car park, Lucy explained.

He was wondering how on earth you got in touch with a young woman about whom you knew only that she was dressed in black, when suddenly Lucy said:

"Will you be seeing her again?"

"You know, my dear," Vane fenced, "you've got it all wrong. We haven't quarrelled."

"I mean," said Lucy, "I've got her bag. She forgot it."

"And it will be an excuse for seeing her? You're right, it will."

"You can't kid me," Lucy laughed. "The way she looked, she was finished with you. Oh, well." She dipped under the counter and produced a little black handbag. "I suppose you'll give her this as proof that you turned up after all, eh? Only you won't say it was the next day. Us women are fools!"

WHEN she had talked herself away to some other duty in another bar, V. P. quickly extracted a visiting-card and a driving-licence from the handbag, and when she returned he was putting through a call to London from a booth near the door.

"Freddy? Listen. I want you to do something for me. Blow the Stock Exchange! Something's happened."

At the bar, Lucy was serving another customer who had just come in. It was the red-faced man with the silver horseshoe tie-pin.

Sixty seconds later, V. P. and the Albion Hotel were not in sight of each other. Remembering Inspector Penny's terse: "You'll stay here!" Vane tore up his train ticket, went by bus to the next little town along the coast, and there engaged a hire car to take him to town.

Before two o'clock, he was sitting in his room over the Crime Shop in the City, talking to his friend Freddy Finch.

"Did you find the lady, Freddy?" he asked.

"Now, look here, V. P.," Finch protested. "If you're going to make a habit of this kind of thing we'd better put up a brass plate and *advertise*. Then I can give my mind to it."

"Did you find the lady?" Vane repeated slowly.

"I did." Freddy Finch gave in. "I've had a

Continued on page 21

Behind the scenes of British films... Starting in John Bull, April 19

THE MIGHTY BALCON

Sir Michael Balcon and his wife at their Sussex home

LAWRENCE EARL has written an intimate, carefully documented study of the distinguished film producer Sir Michael Balcon—four revealing articles on the man at the top whom nobody really knows, whose career has been a merry-go-round of disaster and triumph, closely linked with the growth of British films.

. . . and in John Bull next week

EAMONN ANDREWS TALKS HIMSELF TO FAME

The astonishing success story of the B.B.C. commentator who was taken on as a stop-gap and whose quick-thinking made him a celebrity in his own right.

MEDAL FOR A MURDERER

by Kem Bennett

The first long instalment of a gripping two-part story—of a man driven almost demented by the nightmarish job he was forced to do, and the woman who tried to rescue him from his bitterness.

Paddy outwits the Japs

One of the most audacious prisoners of war in Changi Jail was Paddy Matthews. He robbed the Japs fearlessly, traded his loot on the black market, then anonymously distributed gifts to our sick. And his big chance came when our secret radio went dead

BY 1944 THE VETERANS of Changi Jail, Singapore, had organized things well at the aerodrome which the bulk of Changi's seven thousand prisoners of war toiled to build for the Japanese. To the Jap guards, and to beginners like myself who had only recently arrived at Changi after surviving the horrors of the Thailand slave railway, the air-strip appeared to be flanked with solid walls of jungle and swamp. The experienced prisoner, however, could take you to certain bushes and, if you bent down and crawled under them, you entered a long tunnel through sun-warmed lalang grass and low shrubs.

Halfway down these tunnels, facing you and lying happily on their stomachs, would be waiting native traders. Youths with a ready grin and an infinite capacity for haggling. Thus you lay in the tunnel with the object of the transaction between you—perhaps food that you wished to buy or a magneto stolen from a Japanese truck that you wished to sell—and for half an hour or so you bargained. Then at last, the transaction complete, you would slither backwards to the air-strip through the tunnel of grass—your progress watched with idle interest by the Malay who lay there waiting for his next customer. And when you reappeared on the task, if the guard had noticed your absence (not uncommon), you said "*Benjo*," and if he still looked suspicious, added, "*Zuzu*"—belly-ache.

Mysterious Good Samaritan

One of the most adventurous black marketeers in Changi Jail was Paddy Matthews. I came to hear about his exploits through my Australian friend, Hugh Moore. Hugh had gone into hospital with "The Bug" (malaria). We Thailand survivors seemed constantly to be going down into those attap huts outside the jail walls with something—dysentery, malaria, ulcers, always something. It appeared that one day Hugh had left the ward to go to the boreholes (latrines). On his return, at the foot of his bed, he found some food and money. He asked the orderly whose they were and was told they had been left for him by a young Australian.

Twice this happened and, as well, it happened to other men who were ill, but no one knew who the mysterious benefactor was. Then one day Hugh caught him at it. A slight, dark-haired youth, quiet and pleasant-faced—his only outstanding feature a missing front tooth. Challenged with being the source of so much

Unsuspected by our Jap guards, we would crawl through hidden tunnels in the bushes. There, native traders would be waiting—youths with a ready grin and infinite capacity for haggling

ILLUSTRATION BY RONALD SEARLE

A prisoner listens in—by stethoscope—to one of Changi's secret radios. The set—the parts were smuggled into the jail inside a water bottle—was hidden in a hole chiselled out of a bed support

Changi Jail, Singapore, where Russell Braddon was imprisoned. The picture shows the outside of a block of cells, each with a tiny window at the top. In the courtyard (front) is a vegetable plot

help, the youngster (then only just twenty-one) agreed. He was on a good thing on the Black, he explained, and liked to lend a hand. His name was Paddy Matthews. Gradually Hugh got his story. It seemed that he stole fearlessly—truck parts mainly—and sold well to the Chinese. In addition he had an interest, purely adventurous, in running secret radios. It was this that led him to his most audacious exploit.

While attending to a radio one night—a radio housed under the boilers of the cookhouse where there was no room to stand and the heat was unbearable—one of the "news" receivers allowed the sweat to drop off his forehead into the set, and with a brittle snap the hot valves cracked. The set went dead and we, in the jail, were without news. Though the Playhouse, our jail-built theatre, presented Noël Coward's *Tonight at 8.30*, and though lectures were given in all the courtyards, the absence of "griff" (news) was intolerable.

Crawled Through Drain

When the cookhouse set broke down, Paddy decided that spare parts were essential. In the course of his prowlings on the aerodrome he had discovered that the Japanese barracks—the old Roberts Hospital—contained a room on the ground floor which was full of radio parts. He therefore set out one night armed with a sack and a screwdriver to collect spares. He crawled into a drain which ran under the camp to a corner of the jail, and got out through a grille in the drain which had long since been severed. He evaded guards and patrols and made his way down through the scrub to the aerodrome.

Hugging the shadow of the wall that had been cut out of the hill, he walked down the strip until he reached the barracks. Then he slipped inside and, passing between two rows of sleeping Nips, padded quietly to the door of the store-room. Cautiously he turned the handle. Locked!

At that point most men would have seized the excuse to abandon the project and return home. Not Paddy. He unscrewed the hinges of the door with his screwdriver and lifted the door gently out of its place. He then stepped into the store and filled his bag, systematically and slowly lest he make a noise, with everything that would be required for the continued running of several radios for several years. Then he stepped out into the corridor again. And at that moment he heard a sentry approaching. There was no time to screw the door back on its hinges, so he merely stood it upright in its place, and then slipped up the staircase on to the next landing.

The sentry came down the corridor slowly, thumping each locked door with his rifle butt, idly flashing his torch. Nothing ever happened to this sentry. He reached the wireless store-room, thumped its door, flashed his torch and wandered on, humming quietly to himself and not noting that the door swayed when he hit it. As soon as he turned the corner, Paddy sped down the stairs again. With sure fingers, he screwed the hinges back on to the door. Then he laid his sack carefully over his shoulder, crept swiftly down between the sleeping Nips and out on to the airstrip.

An hour later he was back in the jail, and Changi's radios, whatever the mishaps, were never again short of spares or replacements.

Although our labours on the aerodrome offered us good opportunities for black market deals, nothing could diminish the tedium of the work itself. Digging out the white, gritty, glaring face of that hill near the sea's edge, shovelling it into skips, pushing the skips to the other side of the strip and emptying them on to its swampy fringe—gradually filling in and levelling. Then, as a small corner was finished, uprooting all the lines and the sleepers and carrying them to a fresh corner and laying them again. Long lengths of rusty steel lines and the difficult business of lowering them on to the sleepers so that no fingers were caught. The dread of working with Dutch Indonesian troops, who never bore their share of any burden and always dropped their end too soon so that the line sprang into the air again and fractured jaws and broke legs and severed fingers.

Month after month it went on. Ten to twelve hours a day, and on a diet that was scarcely enough to keep a man alive. But as time passed, two elements arose to enliven our work on the aerodrome. One was a new guard; the other was the inception of a regular reconnaissance by Allied planes—Superforts which, 30,000 feet up and serenely deliberate in that brilliant sun-lit sky, gleamed silver and almost translucent, like fairies. They were very pretty, those reconnaissance planes. The Japanese hated them.

At first, when they arrived, their beautifully even purr making itself heard long before they could be seen, everyone would down tools and shout excitedly: "Here she comes," and gaze upwards. Meantime, from the other end of the drome, all the Nip planes, fighters and bombers would take off as hurriedly as possible and scuttle away in the opposite direction.

Enter Harry The Hawk

But soon the guards came to dislike our cheers and the shouts of "Here she comes"—and if they heard anyone commenting, or saw anyone look up, then they beat him severely. So then it became necessary to adopt a subterfuge. Accordingly we took the Japanese word for aeroplane — *"sikorki"* — and, using rhyming slang, called the recce plane "Harry the Hawk."

And so, in the midst of emptying a skip, the keen-eared would suddenly mutter casually: "Harry the Hawk's with us again," and you could glance at your guard, remember the day's news of the Pacific campaign and the advances in Europe, and think: "Your day, my lad, is coming to its close."

Our new guard—the second enlivening element—was a delightful little gentleman called the Ice-Cream Man. He was called the Ice-Cream Man because he was rather less than five feet tall, wore a white topee, which covered most of his face except a chin with a lamentable tendency to recede, sported a white linen coat and white gloves and shouted incessantly. After the first glance the British troops were unanimous—he was the Ice-Cream Man. He was

---

RUSSELL BRADDON'S *book, "The Naked Island," which is being exclusively serialized in* JOHN BULL, *has reached four editions since it first appeared early in February. It is published by T. Werner Laurie at fifteen shillings.*

never referred to as anything else. Not, at least, till he came to recognize the sound of those three syllables to infer, quite accurately, from their contemptuous inflection, that they applied to himself. Then, because if he heard them he bashed the man who uttered them, he became Mr. Peters to the Australians and Mr. Lyons to the Pommies.

The Ice-Cream Man was now in charge of our work on the aerodrome. As a second-class private that was a power he enjoyed. He would assemble our squads each morning in the pinkish light, the Australians, the Pommies and the Dutch, in three separate groups. Then he would announce: "Nippon Number One. All men say 'Mastah,'" and point to himself. Then the Pommies would shout all their favourite terms for the Japanese, except "Master." And the Australians, in their turn, would be riotous with a clamour of "Yellow bastards, apes, galahs, drongos." And the Dutch squad—the Indonesian troops—would kneel with their hands clasped, as if in prayer, and say "Master."

Insults That Stung

At once the clamour would break out afresh among the Pommies and the Australians—this time directed indiscriminately both at our heroic allies and at Nippon. "Papaws," we would taunt the Dutch troops—papaws being green outside (like the Dutch uniform) and yellow inside, and a strong emetic as well. "You syphilitic little monkey," we would roar at the Nip. It was all very noisy and undignified, but gratifying. Also, it used to waste time.

Then the Ice-Cream Man, screaming with rage, his eyes bloodshot, would point angrily. "You," he would say, "come heah," and motion a man forward with that peculiarly Japanese downwards flap of the outstretched fingers. Then again, "You, come heah," until he had six or seven Pommies and Australians. These he would beat unconscious with his short, truncheon-like cane. And then, the Ice-Cream Man having established the superiority of Nippon, we would all march off to work.

The day's work over, just as it began to darken a little, we would march back to the jail—through the scrub, catching snails and frogs on the way; through the hospital lines, with always a glance to see if Blain, the Australian who weighed only four stone, still lived; and in through the big steel gate.

Once inside, the column of men streamed out in all directions and flooded down the various corridors, clattering in their prison-made clogs, shouting to their mates in courtyards and cells, retailing to one another the latest outrage perpetrated by the guards or the latest deal on the black market. Then they streamed into the courtyards, all at once, hundreds upon hundreds of naked men milling round the few showers, washing themselves and their G-strings. Washing cheerfully but urgently with their lump of jail-made soap and the water which the Nips left on for only half an hour.

Dollop Of Rice Each

Almost before they had finished these ablutions, the day's mess orderlies were filing up to the central cookhouse—and a few minutes later clumping back, heavily laden with dixies and tubs of close-packed rice, two men to a tub. The tubs would be set out on bamboo tables and the sergeant in charge would stand by, checking each man's number off as he collected his "*messi messi*." And leading up to the tubs of rice, a long queue of newly washed men, who dipped their mess gear in a drum of boiling water as they passed to sterilize it of germs and so ward off dysentery. And then give your number, collect the pathetic dollop of rice and the few stewed leaves from the garden and off to wherever your favourite corner was.

Back in the courtyard which housed the camp's theatre, the Playhouse, I would sit down to eat. With me would be my friend Sydney Piddington, the Australian who was to become famous after the war for his telepathy act, Ronald Searle, the artist, and another English friend named Chris Buckingham. Piddington and I cultivated a small dried pea—called towgay—in between wet sacks and ate it when its green shoots were one centimetre in length. Each day we had a spoonful, which was said to be good for beriberi. We didn't know whether this was true, but we took no risks. As well we added a spoonful each of red palm oil. Meant only for the manufacture of soap, it tasted vile, but doctors assured us that it was nutritious, so each day we ate it.

That was our ordinary meal—rice, greens, towgay and palm oil. But occasionally we would catch a dog or a cat or a snake and then we would prepare a magnificent stew and eat till we bulged. But since private cooking within the jail — especially of dogs, cats or snakes—was forbidden by our own authorities, it required organization and cunning.

Officers also suffered from official interference on dietetic subjects. One patient soul, who trapped sparrows with a Heath Robinson-like contraption of bricks, strings and grains of rice, was flatly forbidden to convert the feathery bones into a soup. Sadly he destroyed his machine and gave up endeavouring to supplement his meagre diet.

Another English officer, named Lucas, who was a friend of ours, for days stalked a frilly-necked lizard. At length, having pursued it over acres of ground and up many palm trees, he caught it. He was just about to pop it into his stewing pot when an order was rushed down to him by a captain. In astonishment, Lucas read the order. "Officers will not eat lizards," it said.

Lizard-eating, it appeared, was *infra dig.* for officers. But Lucas, a determined man, was not to be put off by such official nonsense. He climbed another palm tree and, from a length of jungle vine, he suspended his lizard so that it hung, just out of reach, outside the office of the colonel who had issued the order.

Two days later, when the office was practically uninhabitable because of the stink, and all efforts to knock down the rapidly decomposing corpse had failed, the order was withdrawn. The next time Lucas caught a lizard, he cooked and ate it undisturbed.

NEXT WEEK: Piddington and I "discover" telepathy and set the whole camp agog

A cell in Changi Jail photographed from a gallery outside. The cells measured eight feet by twelve feet, and housed four prisoners. These pictures were taken after Singapore was recaptured

Dark Conspiracy

by JANE LANE

ILLUSTRATED BY KOOLMAN

The expected blow in the dark had not come. Derrick knew why now. There were other, subtler ways of keeping a man quiet—by striking at the one he loved

DERRICK CALDER, A GENTLEMAN USHER in the Duke of York's service, had discovered a plot to overthrow King Charles II. Assuming a false identity, he had joined the conspirators to get evidence against them, only to find that his face—well known at Court—had betrayed him. . . .

Derrick had first heard about the plot at the little house in Hampstead where his sweetheart, Phoebe, lived with her father, Daniel Jolly, and her nagging stepmother.

Derrick liked Mr. Jolly—even though he knew the little village chandler looked on him with mixed feelings. Daniel's first concern, he knew, was to find a husband for Phoebe, who, since she was widowed at an early age, had been arousing comment in the neighbourhood by her flighty behaviour. And Derrick could never make her a husband; he was married already—unhappily.

But it was not of this that the chandler wanted to talk when he drew him aside one evening. Other things were sorely troubling him. A few weeks before, learning that his lodger, a Scotsman called Baillie, was engaged in an intrigue against the King, he had turned him out of the house. Mr. Jolly had promptly found himself in jail, on a false charge. Baillie had powerful friends whose plans for an armed rising could not be endangered by a blabbing village chandler.

But the rising never came off, and Daniel, suddenly released from jail without trial, had been fearfully hugging his secret ever since.

It was a strange, barely credible story, but the documents Mr. Jolly showed him convinced Derrick of the urgent reality of the plot, and when, pursuing his inquiries, he found that the conspirators were still active, he took on a new identity and managed to join them.

Although Derrick touched only the fringes of the organization, he knew he carried his life in his hands. The plotters—an uneasy combination of professional agitators, religious zealots and rebellious great lords—would not be fooled for ever. The moment he was recognized as a Court functionary, his days would be numbered.

That moment came dangerously near the day he delivered a coded letter to one of the principals, Lord Grey. Derrick caught the signs of suspicion and, returning with the reply, found an opportunity to read it. In a postscript were orders that his credentials be examined. He cut off the postscript, but knew he had gained only temporary respite. It was now a question of whether he would get the concrete evidence he needed before the plotters got him.

Phoebe was waiting to say farewell. Without a word, Derrick caught her up into his arms

PART 4

The Sweating House

THREE anxious weeks elapsed before Derrick got his next secret orders. He was given instructions to go to the sweating house, called The Hummums, in Covent Garden, and ask there for the assistant rubber. He was to warn the man that his presence was expected at the meeting of which he already knew, and that he was not to fail at his peril.

At first sight the message seemed routine enough; yet the hint of a threat intrigued him.

He found the Hummums easily enough; though he himself had never been here before, he knew it for a fashionable haunt, where the most expensive whores in town and the high-born rakes and beaux came to sweat away excesses before indulging in others. Here those sensualists of either sex who were too knowing to accept the lying promises of quacks, migrated regularly to supple up their limbs, steep their bodies in essences and sweet herbs, and, under the excuse of some trifling ache, have themselves massaged and rubbed and steeped and cupped and all the rest of it.

Already, though it was not yet mid-morning, a long line of chairs waited outside in the Piazza, some with a crest painted on their doors, and as Derrick approached the place a handsome coach drove up, and liveried footmen handed out an extravagantly dressed and painted roué, who from his looks had come straight hither from a debauch.

WHEN the party had disappeared within, Derrick followed and addressed himself to an attendant. The man was clad only in a calico gown and hood, his bare feet thrust into wooden sabots, with a rope girdle round his waist from which depended a sort of glove made of horsehair.

"I desire to speak with the assistant rubber," Derrick told him.

"I am he," replied the man, in a voice hoarse from the atmosphere in which he worked. He came a step nearer to Derrick, and added in an undertone: "You need not be at pains to tell me why you are come, neighbour, for I know you, at least by sight. We met, d'you see, at the quack doctor's in St. Martin's Lane the night we were interviewed for this affair."

Derrick looked at him more closely, and then smiled.

"I do remember you now. You told me then you were out of a post; I see you have one now, and offer you my congratulations."

"'Tis a good one, if I can keep it. Come, what's your message? Let me have it quick, and I'll know the worst."

"It is," said Derrick, eyeing him curiously, "that your presence is expected at the meeting on Friday, which is the day after tomorrow. You are not to fail at your peril."

The rubber put up a hand and wiped his sweaty face, and Derrick noticed that the hand was not quite steady. Indeed, ever since they had begun to talk, he had sensed some barely concealed terror in the man, who now, seeming to forget the presence of another, muttered to himself in extreme agitation:

"I durst not fail in going, yet if I go they will plague me with the old business, and as I am a sinner before God, I will not undertake it."

The significance of these muttered words, coupled with the man's air of terror, was not lost upon Derrick. He shot out a hand and gripped the calico sleeve.

"Harkee, friend," he whispered earnestly, "you and I must have some privy talk, for I believe we are of the same mind in certain particulars. I promise you that you will not regret it if you are plain with me; I will give

It happened so quickly that Phoebe was taken off her guard. In a flash the stranger's arm was about her head, pressing hard against her mouth

you proof of my good faith if you will conduct me somewhere where we may be private."

The man stared at him, his lips moving. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed that despair made up his mind for him, and jerking his head towards the hot-rooms, he began to walk in that direction, muttering over his shoulder:

"There is but one way we may be private, and that is for you to sweat."

Before Derrick could make any comments upon this proposed arrangement, he found himself hustled into the changing-room, where he found the old roué from the coach still undergoing the long process of being undressed by his footmen. They had removed his cravat, coat, waistcoat, and wig, and had got as far as his stays, gradually transforming the aged beau into a sprawling heap of unhealthy fat, slack muscles, and bare, bandy legs.

There was nothing else for it but for Derrick to strip in his turn; the assistant rubber was waiting impatiently with a pair of sabots which he must put on to save his feet from the burning floor of the hot-rooms. Having donned these, and girded his middle with a linen cloth, he was escorted by his guide into the first of the rooms, where the rubber left him.

In any other circumstances, Derrick would have found plenty of entertainment in the hot-rooms, where the beaux, stripped of their fashionable garments, and with profuse perspiration making a woeful mess of their carefully painted complexions, still indulged in that affected drawl and modish gossip which now so comically contrasted with their appearance. But Derrick was too engrossed in this new situation to notice them. He wondered whether he had lighted on the very thing he had lacked all along. This assistant rubber of a sweating-house was a lowly conspirator in the plot; he was being threatened by the managers of it; he was in some deadly fear, and from the few words he had let fall in the gallery just now, that fear had to do with the part allotted to him in the carrying out of the conspiracy. Was it not possible that, if Derrick played his cards correctly in the coming private talk, he might find in this fellow the second witness without whom he had not dared to approach the authorities?

Having stayed his allotted ten minutes in the hottest and last of the rooms, Derrick saw to his relief that his friend the rubber was beckoning to him from the door; the man led him into a private apartment, laid him down upon a slab, and set to work with his hair-gauntlet, grooming him all over as though he were a horse.

"Prithee, friend," gasped Derrick, "use some moderation, for remember I am not here for my health."

"You must seem to be," replied the rubber obstinately, "lest my chief comes in and spies

us. Harkee, you told me you and I were of the same mind in certain particulars; what meant you by that?"

It seemed that the man had recovered some caution during the interval while Derrick had been in the hot-rooms, and would need considerable persuasion before he would talk.

"Why," said Derrick, feeling his way, "the company we got into at the quack doctor's has gone too far for my liking, neighbour, and if I could I would withdraw from the business. There you have it, fair and honest."

"Too far in very truth," muttered the other, vigorously pummelling his client's back. "For now they speak nought but of the Lopping Point, and would have me in it up to my neck. They would pay me well, say they," sighed the rubber. "Forty guineas, no less. But then I do remember that the Jesuits were promised fifteen thousand guineas if they'd take off the King as he walked in the Park (so said Dr. Oates), and 'twas not long after that I saw 'em hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn."

SWINGING his legs over the slab, Derrick sat up and seized the rubber in a tight grip and stared into his face. In a tone of deadly urgency, he said:

"Now listen, man. Hitherto I have not been entirely frank with you, but now I will be, and thereby put my life into your hands. I am a gentleman of the Court, attached to the Household of the Duke of York—nay, you must, you shall, hear me out. I have feigned to be one of these rogues only that I might smell out their beastly plots, and even as I came hither today was meditating an immediate approach to the authorities. Yet I lacked a second witness to back up my information, and this I must have to be believed. I have found him now; he is yourself. I am sure now, what I have all along suspected, that by this 'Lopping Point' they intend the assassination of the King and the Duke of York."

"I did not say so—'tis a woundy lie!" hissed the man, struggling to free himself from Derrick's grip. "God damn and rot you, I have a mind to fetch my bleeding instruments and sham an accident here, for if you leave this place alive and blab of what you bubbled me into saying, there are some will cut my throat for sure!"

"They will have no chance to do so," retorted Derrick, still holding him strongly, "if you will do what I bid you now. Come with me to Whitehall immediately and tell all you know."

Before the rubber could make any reply, there was a perfunctory tap upon the door, it opened a few inches, and a sweaty face beneath a calico hood was poked in.

"Are you not done yet, Jack?" asked the voice of the head rubber. "There is a Crown Bath Extraordinary to be prepared, Italian paste to be got ready for my Lord Peterborough, and many stay for this room."

"Anon, master, anon!" cried the assistant rubber tremulously. Then, when his superior had withdrawn again, he muttered to Derrick, not looking at him: "I cannot stay for more talk or I shall lose my post. Come, master, put on this robe."

"I shall not stir a step," answered Derrick definitely, "until I have your answer. Will you come with me to Whitehall, or refuse and take the consequences?"

"Why, I cannot leave here until my work be done for the day," whined the rubber, making a great to-do about gathering up his towels.

"This evening, then," persisted Derrick. "You are acquainted with Holbein's Gate which stands at the Charing Cross end of Whitehall? If you will come thither as soon as your work here is done, I will be awaiting you there and will conduct you past the guards. At what hour are you free?"

"Why, at eight of the clock, master," admitted the rubber reluctantly, "but I cannot appear at Whitehall amid lords and gentlemen—I have no change of linen—I am but a poor man——"

"You have vital information," cut in Derrick impatiently, "which, I promise you, will make you a kindly reception. I will be at Holbein's at eight of the clock and will stay till you come. Now, let me have your answer."

The man stared at him a minute, then gave a brief nod, and before Derrick had time to detain him had scuttled out of the apartment without another word.

As the innumerable clocks of the Palace struck the hour of eight that evening, Derrick, relieved by the usher next on duty, fairly ran out of the Duke of York's apartments, along the Stone Gallery, jostling the crowd of petitioners who waited to see the King or the Duke, down the stair into the Great Court, through Palace Gate, and out into the street. Here was the usual throng of chairs and coaches, all in a blaze of light from the lodgings which occupied both sides; he pushed his way through them and the innumerable pedestrians, nodding to acquaintances, making the proper bows and congies to the great ones, and so hastened along towards Holbein's Gate. He had nearly reached it when, his mind entirely occupied with his chances of finding the assistant rubber waiting at the trysting-place, he cannoned into a gentleman who came suddenly out of a gate upon his right. Pausing to lift his hat and make a brief apology, Derrick found himself looking into the swarthy face and protruding eyes of Forde, Lord Grey.

THEY stared at each other, and there was an instant's complete silence between the pair. Then:

"Mr. Simon Hill!" exclaimed my lord, gently sardonic. His glance strayed significantly over Derrick's uniform. "Why, this I protest is an unexpected honour. Yet methinks it should not be unexpected, for now at last I recollect where I had seen you before, ere you paid me the honour of a visit to Up Park in December. In the days when I was received at Court, before my sad misfortunate, I have spied you often in the train of his Royal Highness, the Duke of York—God bless him!"

"You mistake me, my lord," said Derrick dully, for he had no hope of convincing Grey. "My name is Calder, Derrick Calder, at your lordship's service. I do assure you, I never had the privilege of waiting upon your lordship at your country seat."

"No?" queried Grey, and now he did not trouble to hide his ugly amusement. "You have a twin brother, perchance, who masquerades under a false name. A dangerous thing to do, Mr. Hill—a thousand pardons, Mr. Calder—you should rebuke him for it, you really should. Otherwise I fear he may find himself inconvenienced by his frolics."

"Your lordship is pleased to jest," observed Derrick curtly, yearning to hit the man on that sensual mouth of his. "I protest, I have no twin brother, and know nothing of what your lordship is speaking. I beg you will excuse me now, for I am in haste."

"An amorous tryst, perchance?" teased my lord softly. "I wish you joy of it. Let all your trysts be amorous ones in future, Mr. Calder; believe me, you will find them safer than certain other pranks in which you have indulged in times past."

He bowed ironically low, and turned away. Derrick stood staring after him for a moment, cursing the chance which had brought him to Whitehall this evening. The encounter with Grey had dashed any lingering hopes Derrick had entertained of being able to unearth further information, supposing his story were not credited tonight. The only comfort was to be found in the fact that it had happened now and not earlier in his investigations.

With this reflection, he hastened on towards Holbein's Gate, and as he reached it, heard the clocks chime a quarter past the hour. The assistant rubber should be here by now, but there was no sign of him. The great gates stood open, admitting coaches and chairs after their occupants had been scrutinized by the Life Guards on duty, and a stream of pedestrians entered and left by the wicket. Among the Life Guards, Derrick spied a friend of his, Jack Younghusband, and although it was altogether improper for him to speak with a guardsman on duty, he seized a moment, when the commanding officer was bending down to greet some lord in his coach, to ask Jack whether any man had been inquiring for himself. Jack shook his head, and on Derrick's hastily describing the assistant rubber, told him that no man of that sort had been at Holbein's this evening, but that if he arrived after Derrick had gone and Jack was still on duty, he

Continued on page 27

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THIS eight-year-old Italian boy came from one of the poorest families in poor Parma. He never saw meat on the table when he was a child, and there were times when he was hungry.

When he went to visit his relations in a slightly better part of the town, his mother, a sempstress, told him: "Do not tell them you haven't eaten." Once, when he was six, he was at his aunt's house and she invited him to eat. He said: "No, thank you. I have just eaten."

But his aunt suspected the truth and sat him down where he could watch the table being set and sausages being heaped on a plate. It was too much, and he admitted that he was hungry, after all. When he went home and confessed he had eaten at his aunt's, his mother whipped him.

One day he visited the house of one of his kindergarten teachers and found a piano there, the first he had ever seen. He went across to it and immediately was able to pick

out some tunes. Everyone said he should go to the Parma Conservatory to learn music, and, after his parents had slaved for two years to pay for his fees, he won a scholarship.

Self-willed, he once refused to practise with a teacher. He was threatened with every kind of punishment, including expulsion, and only after his father was summoned to the Conservatory, did he relent. He finally received his diploma with a rating of 160 out of 160 in 'cello, 50 out of 50 in piano, and 50 out of 50 in composition.

He had been playing as a 'cellist in opera orchestras since he was thirteen, and when he left the Conservatory at nineteen, he joined a company going to Brazil.

The conductor was a local Brazilian musician with whom the company did not get on, and they were given a bad review, the conductor getting the brunt of the criticism. He refused to carry on, and the next performance of *Aïda* was to be conducted by the assistant conductor, an Italian. But local patriots booed him and would not let him start. Then the chorus-master tried; he, too, was booed off.

Now there was nobody to take the rostrum but the young 'cellist. Before the mob had time to shout him down, he grabbed the baton. He conducted the whole opera from memory, and the ovation was tremendous. He had become a conductor.

Now he is world-famous. For his name, turn to page 31.

SURVIVAL after Death

My wife "talks" to me through a medium

by REGINALD M. LESTER

In these articles, Reginald M. Lester describes the results of his personal investigation of spiritualism. The séances he attended seemed to prove that the medium had intercepted thoughts and experiences known only to himself and his dead wife. But he was still unconvinced. Then came what Lester considered to be a "tremendous advance"

The author

FOR A FEW MONTHS after my wife's tragically sudden death, and my decision to investigate the whole question of her survival—which Lord Dowding and others assured me could be proved—I was content to experiment with messages which were conveyed to me indirectly through the various mediums I tried.

Both at group séances, attended by up to fifteen or more people, and at smaller "circle" sittings of about half a dozen men and women, the method was always very much the same.

After opening prayers, the medium would go into trance, and the "spirit guide" would announce himself in the medium's voice, though in a much deeper tone. The guide would usually give a talk or "sermon" and would then pass on a great many messages purporting to come from spirits on the "other side" to their friends and relatives among the sitters.

At some time during the sitting, I would get an accurate description of my wife, Marjorie—even though I was a stranger to the "circle" and the medium did not even know of her passing. I would then receive comments I was told she was making, and her advice on various personal matters.

Sometimes these communications were vague and disappointing. On the other hand, I often got messages which were so utterly characteristic of her, and about things so intimate that I felt reasonably certain no one else could have known of them and brought them up. Messages of this type, I had learned, are called "evidential" (that is, tending to prove that the communicator is really the person described).

After attending a good many groups and "circles," I decided to confine my further sittings to private ones. On the whole, I had found that women mediums were generally more successful than the men in my case, perhaps because my wife—assuming that it really was my wife—found it easier to communicate through them.

In June, 1949, I had a meeting with the well-known medium, Mrs. Estelle Roberts. This was held in a bright room, in broad daylight, with the sunlight streaming in, and was quite "evidential." Mrs. Roberts said my wife had entered the room behind me, in her spirit or etheric body, as I came in. She described her to me correctly and gave me some messages which were completely accurate in detail, and were about things the medium could not possibly have known beforehand.

All this was encouraging. Nevertheless, I was approaching the stage where I felt I could not get much more out of indirect methods of clairvoyance and clairaudience. I had already experienced much that seemed to prove contact with my wife, or, at any rate, with her mind in some other sphere—much more, in fact, than some people ever seemed to achieve—but I was still very sceptical and anxious to learn more. I wanted to go on to investigate the more advanced means of communication I had heard about.

Mrs. Elsie Hardwick, the medium. "Her voice—but my wife's way of speaking"

Then, in August, almost eight months after my wife's death at Christmas, something happened, quite unexpectedly, which I felt was a tremendous advance.

The medium on this occasion was Mrs. Elsie Hardwick. I had gone to her with the idea of an ordinary private sitting; nothing more.

She went into a trance almost at once and her guide, Starbeam, spoke to me. I was now quite accustomed to the business of the "spirit guide." (I had, indeed, talked to several of them in a perfectly natural way, and even asked them questions and argued with them.) So we talked for a few minutes. Then there was a pause and suddenly I became aware that Starbeam was no longer answering me.

Mrs. Hardwick was still in deep trance, her eyes tightly closed. She seemed to change into someone else as she leaned forward and gripped my wrists tightly in a very familiar gesture. It was a way my wife had had of seizing me by the wrists when she had something very special to say.

"Oh, my dear," was what I heard, "this seems unbelievable, doesn't it! We never thought such a thing possible, did we? That I could ever come back and speak to you. This is me."

The amazement and wonder in the voice—it was the medium's voice, of course, but the phrases and way of speaking were my wife's—were no greater than my own.

For a little, the conversation was incoherent—no wonder!—but soon settled down into a most natural talk. When I had recovered from the first surprise and shock, I asked for my right hand to be released (my wrists still being clasped in a tight grip) so that I could take a note of what was said. I had already found how easy it was to forget messages received at an ordinary sitting, and did not want to lose any of this amazing conversation.

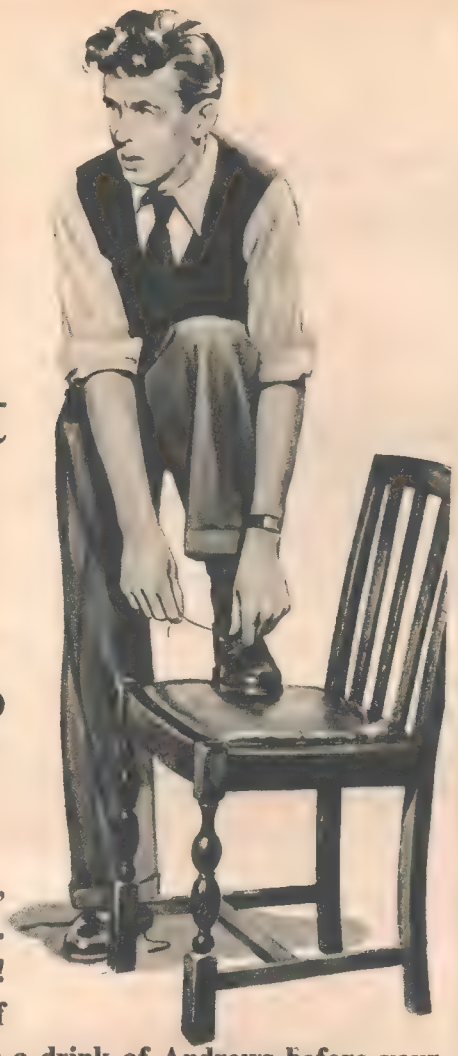
"Are you happy now?" I asked. It was the first and most natural question that came to me.

"As happy as possible," was the reply. "Though even here I can't be really happy until you join me. I do so miss you." Then, rather tearfully: "Oh, I didn't want to go. I didn't want to go. I did struggle so hard to stay with you."

There were several "evidential" points in the talk that followed, mainly on personal matters.

For example, after reminiscing quite accurately on various features in the rooms of our prewar house at Hampstead, she took

Who got out of bed the wrong side?



COME ALONG PETER, you can't deceive your mother. Let me see your tongue. Tch! Tch! No wonder you're off colour. Off you go and have a drink of Andrews before your father comes down. Surely you know by now when you need Andrews without me having to remind you?

It is the same story in many a million homes. They all rely on Mum and, when they're mildly out of sorts, Mum relies on Andrews. Pleasant, fizzy, laxative Andrews does four good deeds. Cleanses and freshens the mouth. Soothes and settles the stomach. Tones up the liver. Keeps the system regular. Yet, happily, Andrews is not habit-forming.

Next time you need a little help, get it from Andrews.

ANDREWS

LIVER SALT

¼ lb. tin 1/6d · ½ lb. tin 2/6d

G44/c2/52

FOR **GOODNESS** SAKE

Ask your Grocer for

McDougall's

The Self Raising Flour

and ask us for

McDougall's Cookery Book

the perfect combination in every kitchen!

FREE *McDougall's sixpenny Cookery Book. Complete this coupon and post in an unsealed envelope (1½d. stamp) to: Miss Janet Johnston, Dept. 9, Wheatsheaf Mills, Millwall Docks, London, E.14.*

Name.....

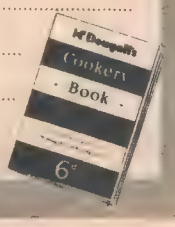
Address .....

.....

.....

.....

.....



45

me into the garden and made laughing reference to "the bird-bath that was still standing all askew." This had been an old joke between us since the day I tried my inexpert hand at building a home-made bird-bath, which had resulted in a queer-looking Epstein-like object at the top of the garden leaning somewhat drunkenly at a gradient that precluded the retention of any water!

The second direct talk took place about six weeks later with the same medium, and, after that, I had these talks regularly each month. To save time I used to write down beforehand some of the things I particularly wanted to know. I had been told that the answers would be ready for me whenever I did this.

Record Of A Talk

Here is an extract from my verbatim notes of a conversation in which I tried to satisfy myself that it really was my wife who was talking to me at these and other séances (I have deleted only the terms of endearment used to one another while talking; otherwise, the conversation is given word for word):

Q. A matter that I'm a bit concerned about is the risk of impersonation in any contacts I have with you.

A. Do you mean on our side?

Q. Yes. Can that happen from your side?

A. Yes, it can. It's not very likely to happen with you and me; I can't explain the reason for that now, but just accept it, and know that nearly always it is really me.

Q. Only *nearly* always?

A. There's always a possibility of being overshadowed, but I shall know when that's happening, and shall confirm to you afterwards. But you'll know also; impersonation always slips up in faulty phrasing and inaccurate evidence. But I don't think you need worry much about that happening in our talks.

Q. Well, that's very comforting so far as I'm concerned, but what about all the thousands of others who are trying to contact their loved ones? Cannot such impersonation be prevented from your side?

A. Not always. Although we know afterwards that there has been some interference, we do not always know at the time. Mind you, these impersonators are not evil spirits; more often they are lonely ones who have as yet no belongings on this side and no close ties even on your side, and they come impersonating others just to receive some share of the love and affection you give out. And sometimes they're mischievous ones, just being silly.

Q. Can you tell me what types of contacts are most subject to these impersonations—trance talks, direct voice, materialization?

A. Sometimes in ordinary trance sittings, the medium will be interfered with at intervals, without her being aware of it, but you are always able to tell, by the talk seeming to go off the rails for a few moments. I'm told there cannot be any impersonation in materialization from this side, and not often through direct voice; that's more often from your end by fraud on the part of the medium. Automatic writing also lends itself to interference.

Q. What about the ouija board and the tumbler?

A. Those are more elementary methods, and both offer much room for impersonation. But there again you should be able to tell; if the spelling starts going awry, then you should cut off right away.

I had a very good reason for putting these questions, since I had been dissatisfied with some of the other types of séances I had attended around this time.

I went along to another direct talk sitting with the special purpose of asking whether continued grief is an obstacle to contacts with the "other side," or is harmful to the departed. This had been in my mind for some time, and I had heard that it worried other bereaved people.

Here is a record of this conversation:

Q. You've spoken about my continuing to grieve so much at my loss of your physical presence beside me. I've tried my utmost not to do so, but I'm afraid with little success.

A. But it would have been unnatural if you hadn't grieved. People who keep saying, "Time is a great healer," are so wrong in cases like yours.

Q. You know my inner feelings. But what I'm concerned about is being told that it is hindering your progress.

A. Don't believe a word of that. It's done nothing of the sort. It has certainly made it more difficult to get through to you, especially in the early days when your grief was like a brick wall to penetrate. It couldn't have been otherwise for us. But about this progress question—listen. Neither my progress nor yours is hindered in the slightest, so long as you continue to carry a bright face to the world—as you are doing—and go ahead with your normal work. But if you'd gone into a corner to fret, then it could have made difficulties for both of us.

Q. Well, that's very comforting confirmation to have. I was so worried to think that I might be creating a barrier between us.

A. It's worse if you carry your grief into the séance room. But at every sitting you've completely controlled your emotions, and brought in a very sympathetic vibration, which has helped tremendously.

Q. I see. What really matters most, then, is your state of mind during the actual sittings?

A. Yes. At other times, you cannot help your inner tension. While you still are bound to earthly conditions, it's not reasonable to expect to be free of all mental pain.

Enough Proof?

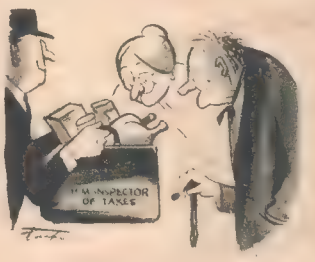
At another of these sittings, I asked a question I had by this time begun to ask myself—whether I should now consider I had received enough evidence to provide the proof of survival I had been seeking.

The answer was: "No, you must go on seeking and sifting. As you become more psychically sensitive, you will find it possible to sift true from false."

This was to seem very much in the nature of a warning when I came to examine my experiences with the direct voice method of communication: the method in which an attempt is made to reproduce the actual voice of the departed.

NEXT WEEK: I experiment with "direct voice" and meet with some disappointments

NOW YOU KNOW



AN income tax claim often overlooked is the allowance for dependent relatives. You may qualify if you help—with cash, free lodging, food gifts and so on—your father, mother or other relatives (including in-laws) who can't work through sickness or old age, or your widowed mother or mother-in-law. Each dependant's income should not be more than £130 a year, and the allowance drops £1 for every £1 above £80.

The quicker you tell your tax inspector the sooner you pay less. And if you've missed allowances, you may ask for them up to six years back.

THE CORPSE ON THE PROM

Continued from page 12

time, keeping out of sight, I can tell you."

"Well?"

"She's twenty-five, and has a flat in Mercury Close. Married. Husband older than herself. He's a bookie."

"Is he, indeed?" said V. P., casting his mind back. Bookie? Silver horseshoe tie-pin?

"Frequently away from home," Finch went on. "The husband, I mean. The car's a little blue two-seater."

"They both drive?"

"They both drive. Now, there's a funny thing," said Freddy. "There's a garage attached to the flats at the end of a cul de sac. I've had a word with the attendant. Their car isn't there—Mars, the bookie, is in Leicester or somewhere—but there's a strange car in its place. A black saloon. Might, of course, be a new car they've bought."

"Might," Vane agreed. "Let's go and see if it is."

On the way to Kensington in Finch's car, Vane gave his friend some details of the night's happenings in Barney's Bay.

As they pulled up at Mercury Close, Finch asked: "Where exactly does the lady come in?"

"Probably she goes out; we shall have to see," Vane answered.

The attendant was not on duty in the private garage down the cul de sac. Finch pointed out the black saloon and V. P. went over it quickly. Between the two front tub seats he found a sheet of paper. On it in crude capitals were the words: GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

Vane looked at the paper, frowning. Then he snapped his fingers and nodded.

"Of course!" he said. "Freddy, what headlines there'd have been if this piece of paper had been found where it was meant to be! They'll be pretty big in any case. You can see 'em!"

"Where," Finch asked, "was this piece of paper meant to be?"

"I do believe," said Vane, "pinned on the front of the dead man."

Leaving his friend posted where he could see the entrance to Mercury Close without being seen, he hurried up to the Mars flat on the third floor.

THERE were hard lines at the corners of Catherine Mars's mouth. No sympathy here, thought Vane, wondering how he was going to begin.

"Well?" she said.

"I believe you lost this last night?" He held out the black handbag. "In the Albion Hotel at Barney's Bay."

"Thanks," she said. And then, as if puzzled by the way it had come back to her: "Oh. . . . Will you come in?"

When the door was closed: "I don't quite get this. I suppose you're from one of these divorce places? Collecting evidence, or whatever they call it."

"Don't tell me it shows," said V. P.

"You're too late," said Mrs. Mars. "When did you see my husband last?"

"This morning."

"This morning? I don't get it. He knows all about last night. He was there himself. We've made it up. You'd better send in your bill. You won't be needed any more."

Then something seemed to click in her brain. "But you wouldn't bring this handbag if. . . . I say—you're not from Harold?"

"As a matter of fact——"

"Well, it's sweet of him, but it's off. I told my husband. It stands to reason. It takes Harold all his time to keep himself. I'd never have gone last night, only he talked me round. He'd get round a brass statue, Harold would. I said it was silly, going all that way. But that's where I met him, back in the summer, and nothing would please him but. He was very light-hearted—my husband being in Leicester, or so we thought."

V. P. waited.

"There was no need to follow us, I told him. We had it out in this very room after we got back. Three o'clock this morning. He saw my point in the end. I'm sorry about the car," Mrs. Mars ended abruptly.

"Oh, yes," Vane prompted. "The car."

"That was my husband," she explained. "He said that if Harold wanted to walk out of the hotel yard in a huff he deserved to *walk* home. So I drove our car and he took Harold's. It seemed funny at the time. I was a bit fed up with Harold making such a fuss. Very sentimental, Harold can be."

She smiled. "Anyway, it's over. I wish he'd see that. I've told my husband to write to him. Pity a girl can't have men friends without things happening."

A telephone bell tinkled in the hall, and Mrs. Mars said: "If you'll excuse me."

Vane could not hear through the closed door what was being said on the phone. But he was aware of long gaps, and that most of the talk was from the other end. When one of the gaps at last became suspiciously long, he opened the door and looked into the hall. It was empty.

He tore out of the flat. The lift was below. He took the steps three at a time and ran to Finch's hiding place.

"Has she come out?"

"She's in the garage."

"She'll have to come back then. Come on! A taxi!"

They found a taxi and told the driver to wait. When at last the black saloon came out of the cul de sac, Vane whispered: "Keep on its tail."

"We'd better watch that young man. That little dream house he's describing sounds just like *this* house"

MRS. MARS stopped at a bank in Knightsbridge. When they were assured that the bank had only one entrance, Vane began to talk rapidly.

"It's her husband! She's a little gold-digger from the toes up, as hard as nails, but I don't think she knows what he's done. Or she *didn't* know, anyway. She had the other fellow dangling, and Mars followed them down to the coast last night. There was a row in the yard at the back of the hotel, and it ended in a murder along the beach."

Keeping his eyes on the bank door, he went on: "Then he phoned her at the hotel to join him, not wanting to show his face. He persuaded her to let him bring the other man's car back to town. He thought he'd left no trace. But there was the handbag. He went back for it, and when he found it gone, he panicked. He daren't go near the flat. So he phoned her. Either she was out or he couldn't get through at first; anyway, the call came through when I was there. Heaven knows what he told her, but she's getting money for him. He's going to ground."

"Here she comes," said Finch.

As once more they began to follow the car ahead, Vane said: "This is your bit, my boy. You've got to hang on to him. He's met me. Besides, I've got to get back to Barney's Bay. You know the drill?"

"Okay."

The saloon led them to Victoria where they saw Mrs. Mars park the car in Wilton Road and hurry into the station. There she handed a small packet to a red-faced man with a silver horseshoe in his tie.

"It jells!" Vane murmured. "But the clues the fools are scattering about now!" To Finch: "I'll be at the Albion Hotel. As soon as he touches down somewhere, keep phoning till you get me."

Mrs. Mars left the red-faced man almost at once. Vane, following her to the forecourt, saw her call a taxi. When she was out of sight, he returned to Wilton Road. The black saloon was still there.

It was anybody's for the asking, thought Vane. But this time he decided to go by train.

There were few people in the Albion Hotel when he got there. He thumped vigorously on the bar, and Lucy appeared. She was very surprised to see him.

"You're for it!" she said.

"First offence. I was tempted," Vane smiled.

"Inspector Penny's with the manager now."

Inspector Penny had no words at his command when he saw V. P.'s smiling face again. And Vane gave him no time to find any. Apologizing to the manager, he immediately began to give Penny the facts instead.

"So you see," he finished, "if I hadn't taken that handbag——"

"What made you?" Penny asked.

"Ah, yes." V. P. took the inspector by the arm and led him out to the saloon lounge. He pulled a creased paper from his pocket and handed it to Penny. "Harold meant to pin that on his front, but brother Mars didn't give him time to complete the effect."

"'Gone but not forgotten'," the inspector read. "What's this? The thing's mad enough already."

"Sane as you," said V. P. brightly. "Gone but not forgotten. The dear, dead days down here by the sea, when first they met. The *summer*, don't you see? Just what he would do. She said he was very light-hearted."

WHEN they were outside on the windy pavement, Vane took the inspector's arm, and pointed. Inspector Penny found himself facing an orange-coloured bill, curling loose at one corner, in the hotel's biggest window. It was still announcing a grand carnival dance for the night before, with valuable prizes for the most attractive costumes.

"Poor Harold!" said V. P. "Not fated to win prizes, I'm afraid. So good he'd have looked, too, with that nostalgic notice attached to his costume."

"*Costume?*" The word seemed to squeeze itself from between Penny's lips. "Fancy costume?"

"As soon as I saw this bill I knew that summer attire isn't always incongruous at the seaside in winter time."

Inside the hotel a phone bell insisted.

"Perhaps that's for me," said Penny.

"Perhaps it's for both of us," said V. P. Vane. "Perhaps a friend of mine named Finch, to tell you where to go and pick up your man." THE END

LITTLE MAN ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Continued from page 10

dishes because he is unable to pay the café bill.

He may be all of these at once, taking blows, insults, affronts and other degradations, but always coming up for more. He rolls and falls about the stage, and his face (especially on television) tells the story. "Norman's little man is all we sometimes feel ourselves to be in this big, bad, atomic world," said a philosophical fellow-performer some weeks ago.

Wisdom admits there is a philosophy behind his work, but prefers to rationalize it into everyday situations. Travelling by bus between Baker Street and Earls Court recently, he spotted a passenger who was trying to evade paying his fare. "Every time the conductor came near he half-offered the coins, but positively shrank as he did so. I kept thinking that maybe it was the fellow's last few coppers and that he needed them to get a cup of tea. I was so fascinated that I was carried two stops beyond my destination. It was worth it, though. I'll probably do a sketch on what I saw."

Wisdom's oppressed but buoyant characters, his mime and real-life background prompted one New York newspaper critic to announce: "This wispy guy looks like being the greatest international clown of his time: he is Chaplin's 'little fellow' all over again." Among others who have seen Chaplin in him was one columnist who wrote: "Here is the new age Charlie, with all the old master's tragi-comedy touch."

"It's all very flattering," said Wisdom at the time, "but my 'little fellow' comes from experience, not from going to the pictures." Nevertheless, the Chaplin similes had been used by others when Wisdom opened in *London Melody*, the Empress Hall ice and stage show last year. His appearance as the wide-eyed, bedraggled down-and-out moved many people to telephone Wardour Street. "Everybody had made the same discovery," says one film executive. "They claimed to have seen a new genius who could make people laugh and cry by his clowning, without saying a word."

Once, during the first week, Wisdom was in the middle of his celebrated slapstick sketch in which, from a ridiculous crouching position on a wooden chair, he falls back with a heavy harp on top of him. Instead of keeping to his act, he picked himself up, glared round the packed hall as if hurt by the laughter, then advanced on the audience with fists at the ready like a novice boxer. He wept in mock temper.

Just as suddenly as it had come on, his mood changed, his mouth softened into a naïve smile and he began to sing. "It stopped the show," recalls one of those present. "Even the stagehands found their sides splitting and lumps in their throats." It was not the first time that Wisdom's impulsive ad-libbing had been permanently included in the show. There was an occasion in the provinces when, overcome by the applause, he ran to and fro across the stage, calling ecstatically into the suspended microphones. Then, pulling himself up, he stood at the edge of the stage laughing with the audience.

This went over so well that he has since used it regularly. At the Empress Hall he was doing this piece of sublimely child-like joke sharing when he walked right off the stage and fell on the ice, more than four feet below. The hall rocked. "The little fellow had taken another fall," says Norman. "What nobody realized was that I didn't mean it." It got such a laugh

that Wisdom was told to keep it in. For hours, he practised the tumble, with varying degrees of success and bruising.

His knockabout work is so realistic that he often hurts himself. Once, he caught his right hand in the lid of a grand piano. He could hardly move his fingers, but had to go on to play a clarinet. "It was torture," he says. "I produced some horrible squeaks, but they thought I was fooling."

Sometimes he has been so carried away by the character he fondly calls "the gump" that he has overrun his time. On the second night of his first week's professional engagement at Collins's Music Hall, Islington, in 1946, he was given eight minutes.

After ten minutes he seemed nowhere near finishing: he fell about, danced, lolled against the backcloth, ogled the audience, grinned innocently, wept crocodile tears and then "died laughing." When he had been at it for fourteen minutes, there was a threat to bring the curtain down on him. Finally, he fell over a settee three times, bowed and walked off. "The trouble was," Norman explains, "that I *couldn't* come off. I just didn't know how to end the act."

He had got his chance at Collins's after pestering the management, along with those of many other theatres, for months. He was offered £5 for the week, on condition that if he did not go over on the first night he would depart and worry them no more. He did so well that he was soon earning £12 10s. a week in the provinces.

Setback In A White Tie

Less than two years later came his first big London engagement at the Casino. Twenty-four hours before the show opened, however, Wisdom complained of chest pains and a temperature. Freda, his wife, called a doctor who diagnosed pleurisy. "It would be stupid to go on in your condition," Norman was told. "It would be stupid," came the reply, "to miss this chance." He went on. But despite such unreasoning devotion to his career, Wisdom had a setback in 1950.

He was starring in *Sauce Piquante* at the Cambridge Theatre and appeared, to his own embarrassment, in white tie and tails. One critic hailed

"May I present my wife, Harriet, who will now take over the discussion"

him as "a new comedian London can well do with," but Wisdom had no illusions about his performance. "My part in the show meant I had to start all over again," he says. "It nearly broke my heart." He went back to the music halls and the character he knew, that of the pathetic little fellow in the baggy suit.

As he drove home to their caravan in North London one night, he told Freda: "So long as I'm true to 'the gump' everything will be all right.' Pathos comes naturally to Wisdom. From the age of nine he had to fend for himself in the Paddington district of London, and used to make the often doubtful products of a school cookery class do for meals.

He was rarely out of trouble. "There were times," he recalls, "when I would steal food when the shopkeepers weren't looking. Looking back, I suppose I was a real-life Oliver Twist." Finally he was put in the care of a suburban guardian, but proved too much of a handful, and was presently returned to the city.

In turn he was errand boy, page and hotel waiter. Then he hitch-hiked to Cardiff, signed on as a cabin boy aboard a tramp steamer bound for South America, and took a beating from a tough member of the crew on the first day out. At the end of the two-way voyage, which lasted six months, he was unemployed and spent Christmas Day in a depressing dockside hostel where he had sausage and mash for his dinner alone. "It was the only time I have ever cried."

He tried selling hot cakes, ate more than he sold and presently found his way back to London. He slept wherever he could, but had a favourite spot behind the Marshal Foch statue in Grosvenor Gardens. At night he used to call at coffee stalls to keep warm and always finished with a hot pie and cocoa at one of these, near Victoria. It was the stallholder there who persuaded Wisdom to join the Army. He wanted to be a bugler. Taken before an army bandmaster, he was asked if he knew anything about music. "Yes," he lied.

Presently, Wisdom learned to play not only the bugle but the clarinet, tenor saxophone and piano. He also found that he could make soldiers laugh. Having taken up boxing, he had the gymnasium in an uproar during a bout of shadow boxing by allowing the mythical shadow to hit back; a turn of nonsense that brought even non-boxers round to later sessions in the hope of seeing Wisdom perform.

It was not until 1944, however, that his talent was really discovered: then, a party of soldiers celebrating in the canteen of the Royal Corps of Signals, Cheltenham, poured beer into his lemonade (Wisdom is a firm teetotaller) and he began, as he puts it, to liven up with such effect that he was invited to join the camp concert party.

Nothing Out Of Place

Friends believe that his army training is responsible for Wisdom's extreme tidiness. Today, even during a hectic show, there is rarely a thing out of place in his dressing-room; and during the run of Cinderella at Wolverhampton recently, his dresser asked him if he would mind leaving his clothes about. "At home," says Freda, "he hangs everything up, even his tie." Wisdom shrugs off this fetish by saying that now he owns things, he values them.

According to his agent, Billy Marsh, Norman Wisdom has none of the pushful attributes of so many of his fellow-comedians. There was one morning when he sat for nearly twenty minutes facing Marsh without being noticed. But the best example of the little man in Wisdom comes from his American visit. He called, with Marsh, on a Hollywood film executive who had shown interest, by cable, in his future. They were ushered into a lavish office.

With an air of brisk importance, the director looked from one to the other, shifted his cigar and then, sizing up Marsh, himself a slight, bespectacled figure, exclaimed: "Yes, you're just right. I have exactly the part for you!" Wisdom, one pace behind, grinned sheepishly. He had been "the little man" for so long he hardly noticed the difference.

THE END

CAPTAIN OF THE NORTHBOUND CREW

Continued from page 7

sure. Many times she had watched that jerky, cheerful style in the Chalet D'Or, the roadhouse nearest where she worked, on the main Pittsburgh-New York highway. Seeing it here faintly irritated her. It was to get away for once from the usual things of her life that she had come to Bermuda. This was British territory. She wanted to see English dancing and English manners and English clothes, hear English music and talk to English people.

Uncertain what to do next, since it was still too early to eat, she walked into the lounge, where small groups sat sipping cocktails from tiny glasses. Everyone seemed to have been admitted into a little society. There should have been some Englishman suddenly to reach out to her—he would not, of course, dream of interrupting her, but his party was a girl short, would she care to join them?

But no one stirred; no one approached her. Instinct told her to keep on walking. There was not a chair on its own for a disinterested girl, and she must not appear to be searching for some small nook for herself. On she went, more slowly and more gracefully, if anything, than before. She had gone through the ballroom and the lounge. Now she came to the veranda.

A very slight warm rain was falling, a gentle baptism for her short life in this hotel. Walking along the concrete in the darkness, she saw a dim figure leaning against the pillar she was about to pass. It was a man with his hands in his pockets, looking out at the lights in St. George's Harbour doing their best not to be extinguished by the quickly thickening weave of these thousands of thin water drops. He was wearing some kind of a tropical blue uniform with gold wings on his chest, gold bars on his arm. They were so near to each other, so away from the others, that to say something was inevitable.

He saw her nearly as soon as she saw him. The rustle of her satin made him turn his head. A look suddenly crossed his face as though he was looking for something, and any woman might be it, then disappeared when his eyes had taken in her dress, her hair, the uncertainty of her walk.

But he did say "Hallo" to her. His voice was obviously English, soft and slow and quiet, pleasantly in tune with her very new surroundings. He added: "This rain is only the beginning. Pretty soon now, we're in for a real good downpour."

She had heard that the British never tired of prophesying about the weather. "Such a pity after the nice hot day," she said to him, though privately she was glad it was cooler.

He didn't pursue the subject. "You're American?"

"How did you guess?"

"From New York?"

"No, Pittsburgh. Though I've been to New York, of course. I go nearly every year."

"First time in Bermuda?"

She smiled: "First time."

"First time out of the States?"

She smiled again, a little more uncertainly than before. "First time," she repeated.

There was a small pause. Then he offered her a cigarette. "English," he said, as though to warn her.

"Oh, but I like them."

They both smoked. He showed no intention of leaving the pillar, though the dance was wasting without them. He appeared not the least curious about her, now he had settled the little facts of her immediate past. They stood together silently, looking at the outside air as though the rain was some eye-catching natural phenomenon, too rare to be missed.

Not knowing whether to stay or go, she put out a feeler boldly: "We've stood here quite a time and we don't even know each other's names."

Reluctantly, he unfastened his attention from the rain in order to look at her. "Should we know them?" he said. "I mean, is it really necessary?"

"It's usual."

"It's an American folk custom almost unknown in England."

She felt a little snubbed, though he had not meant to be unkindly, she was sure. She had heard that the British were cold, reserved. No wonder the American Government had trouble with them. Here was a difficult, unobvious man. Friendliness spread across her face, manufactured for such a moment as this.

"Well, my name's Muriel, anyway."

He gave her a slight, grave nod.

"And yours?" she pressed him. She had promised to tell the girls at the office every little thing. Names made incidents so much more three-dimensional.

Instead of answering, he asked her: "How long are you staying?"

"Ten days."

"Then it's not worth while telling you my name," he told her quite gently. "In an hour's time I shall have left this hotel. It's unlikely we shall ever meet again. If my aircraft had been on time we should never have seen each other at all."

"Where are you going to?"

"I'm taking the service back to London tonight."

"You're a flier?"

He smiled at her and nodded. "A flier," he said. "A pilot. An airplane driver I think you usually call it. Or to give you my full title for the moment, the Captain of the Northbound Crew."

He was becoming more informative. Perhaps he was thawing out a little. He went on: "I have, of course, an opposite number—the Captain of the Southbound Crew. He is the white king. I am the black one. Someone is playing chess with us, and I am about to be moved. Already I can feel a thumb and forefinger round my neck."

The imagery interested her. "You stay in Bermuda for a rest before going on?"

"Yes, we slip here. Six days ago I was in Buenos Aires. I spent three days in Panama. Now I'm at the end of my three days here. I shall be going home tonight. Then there'll be a new Captain of the Northbound Crew. In the ten days you're here you'll see four of us, all separately. There's always a Captain of the Northbound Crew in Bermuda, and it doesn't really matter who it is, for the important facts of his life are identical. Always the same past; he has come up from Panama, calling at Jamaica and Nassau. Always the same present; he will stay here three days. Always the same future; he will fly north-east bound across the Atlantic."

She felt frustrated at his going on like this. They were getting nowhere, just beating about the bush. She started to bubble with questions, which he answered unsatisfactorily, evasively. It was all rather curious, rather odd, and very foreign. Not that it wasn't attractive at the same time.

The rain was increasing as he had said it would. She remembered that, as she drove up to the hotel a few hours ago, the sky to the east was a mass of fortifications made of cloud, as though the air was expecting an attack from

We have to be

particular

the fruit we are inspecting is going to make CHIVERS Jam so it must be just right

I am

particular

I always recommend CHIVERS Jam because the quality gives satisfaction to my customers

Made in silver lined pans by particular people for particular people

CHIVERS JAMS

are particularly good

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE and at Montrose, Huntingdon and York

★ STRENGTH-TEST by

Photo-Elastic Polariscope

By this amazing equipment, which "X-rays" the bicycle frame, Hercules engineers investigate stresses and strains by the latest scientific methods as applied to aeroplane and automobile research, thus ensuring production of cycle frames and components of the lightest, strongest and most rigid—yet most "lively"—construction.

PAM knows that these new Hercules Lightweights, with 1952 refinements, are absolutely wizard! They've got everything that gets fun out of cycling, all the "musts" for easy-running, speed and comfort. The Kestrel and Martin are precision-built with Reynolds "531" Frame Tubes—that's the secret of their lightness and strength.

Pat rides a Kestrel Club finished in "Royal Ruby". It's also available in Petunia with Lilac Panel and Chevrons. Pam rides a Martin in Sapphire Blue. Other Martin finishes are Bright Blue, Pearl Blue and Pearl Green. GENT'S and LADIES' Models available on EASY TERMS—SEE YOUR LOCAL HERCULES DEALER TODAY.

Hercules

The Finest Bicycle Built Today

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
ASTON, BIRMINGHAM, 6

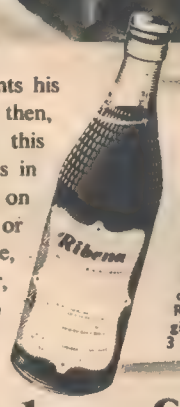
—but for the crispest biscuits say

M&D

Made by MEREDITH & DREW LTD LONDON

CVS-68

So tired at the end of the day! Just wants his supper, the radio, the fireside chair — and then, he falls asleep. In all too many homes this happens every evening. But the answer is in *your* hands, Mother. Put the whole family on delicious RIBENA, night and morning, hot or cold. They'll love this pure blackcurrant juice, rich in natural Vitamin C, with cane sugar, fruit sugar *and* glucose. Make a note to get a bottle today.
3/3d. from Chemists, Stores and Grocers.



THE MINISTRY OF FOOD says:—
"A good supply of Vitamin C will make all the difference between that dreaded feeling of exhaustion so common today, and a feeling of exuberant good health." Vitamin C is essential for children. In delicious RIBENA it can safely be given to infants from 3 weeks old.

VITAMIN C
Ribena fights fatigue!
BLACKCURRANT JUICE

Highly concentrated — contains not less than 20 mgms. Vitamin C per fluid oz.

MADE BY CARTER'S OF COLEFORD
WHO ALSO MAKE Quosh THE BETTER FRUIT SQUASH

the island and was preparing its bastions and castles and storing its ammunition. The lights in the harbour had blurred beyond recognition. The world was no bigger than this hotel where they were all besieged. The hotel was their citadel. It would be foolish not to retreat into it. Water was now tearing in beside them, making her dress damp.

"Perhaps we'd better go in, after all," he said gloomily, "I'll have to have dinner fairly quickly. What wonderful weather to fly in."

But once inside the dining-room, his mood seemed to change completely and with astonishing rapidity. He sat with her at a table for two, and it was apparent to her that he had decided to cheer up.

THEY both ordered shrimp cocktail, roast beef, a French salad and a chocolate sundae. She had a Tom Collins while they waited; he was drinking water. "I would suspect you of having ulterior motives," she said to him, giggling as he pressed her to have another one, "if you weren't going in half an hour. But as things are, I think I will."

Good humour flooded over her. This really was nice. She looked over her escort, his brown floppy hair, his big boyish mouth. He couldn't be over thirty—the age she liked men best, when they had lived long enough to be interesting, but were still young, still ready for adventure. The band, six Negroes and a white girl singer, yearned towards them.

Together they danced, moving slowly across the floor. She followed him easily, smoothly. He was very cheerful now; perhaps he had been hungry. He pointed out the Captain of the Southbound Crew sitting with his boys at a table near the band. It was quite the loudest and merriest party in the room. "They're having a good time," he said. "They're not going off for a couple of days. You can see why I called him the White King, myself the black one. I'm rather a wet blanket by comparison."

She denied it vigorously. He went on: "There's only one small difference between him and me. He left England two days ago and has flown three thousand miles. And I left England three weeks ago and have flown eighteen thousand. Some of his crew he hasn't met before. They're in the happy process of getting to know each other. The others he knows but hasn't seen for some time, and there's a great deal to talk over. But there's also a great deal of time together ahead of them. After about a fortnight of living continuously on top of each other, everyone starts thinking of home, reckoning England isn't such a bad place after all. One or two get grumpy, one or two get sarcastic, nearly all get touchy and the less seen of the others the better. It's best to insist on everybody being very polite to everybody else."

"But that should be easy," she said. "The English are so very polite."

He smiled at the earnest way she said it. "Oh, normally it's easy. But the little things are the trouble, the little phrases people use unconsciously that get on your nerves. My engineer always announces after every lunch that he's going to have a nap. He calls it 'a short course of death.' He's called it that nearly twenty times since we left London. Then my navigator—nearly every girl he sees he assures us all is 'just my fighting weight': and he's seen a great many on this trip. My radio officer is always 'in like a burglar,' whether he's joining a poker school, advancing with a female acquaintance, or merely contacting a radio station for us."

She laughed with him. "But tell me about England. Isn't it hard there, with the bomb damage and the rationing and the taxation? We hear a lot about it, you know."

He began to tell her, and continued when the music stopped. Back at their table, she attacked a half-melted sundae, and he looked over at the windows still streaming with rain.

"It's a rotten night to fly," he said. "Not quite bad enough to cancel, but unpleasant all the same. I'm glad I'm just taking off, not landing. The windscreens on these aircraft get so soaked in a storm that you'd swear you were under water. You can't see a damned thing. You have to open the side-window, and you crick your neck peering, while the noise of the air rushing through is tremendous, and the rain stings your face worse than a swarm of hornets."

The others went on dancing. The Captain of the Southbound Crew was dancing with his stewardess, a tall girl in green. They did not appear to know about the power of the storm outside; nor did they care that the man beside her would shortly be leaving in the middle of the dance to attack the battlements that the sky had been building all that hot afternoon. Something vaguely remembered bubbled up inside her as she drank her coffee, some picture she had seen of officers dancing the night before Waterloo, their swords hanging from their belts. It was really rather romantic.

He bought a last drink: "One for the road," he said. "*My* road." He had an iced Coca-Cola. He would be gone in a minute; the crew car was already at the door, the crew's bags in the hall.

A wistful sadness descended on her. "I wish you weren't going away so soon after we've met," she said.

They stood together on the veranda. The rain continued to pour down.

"But I'm going away only for a very short time. When the crew car returns, the Captain of the Northbound Crew will still be in it."

WHILE they smiled at each other, she felt suddenly tearful. But they were both distracted by the sudden roar of engines smothering all other sounds around them. Looking up, they saw the winking red and green wing-tip lights of a large aircraft, four engine exhausts shooting out like luminous yellow streamers into the darkness.

"That's him," he said to her. "He's pretty late. Do you see how he's bouncing up and down in the storm? Watch his wing-tip lights. It can't be too pleasant."

"It seems to be raining hard," she said doubtfully.

"Oh, he'll be all right." Abruptly he picked up his cap. The rest of the crew were being seen off by their friends. There was quite a little party outside. The band played a soft, sad waltz. "Well, God bless," he said, as he got into the car.

"Goodbye, good trip," everyone called as the crew moved off into the damp blackness, leaving the dancing, the music, the bright lights and warm colours.

Muriel went back to her table, studied her passion flower again as though with great interest, ordered a

THE HUMAN MACHINE

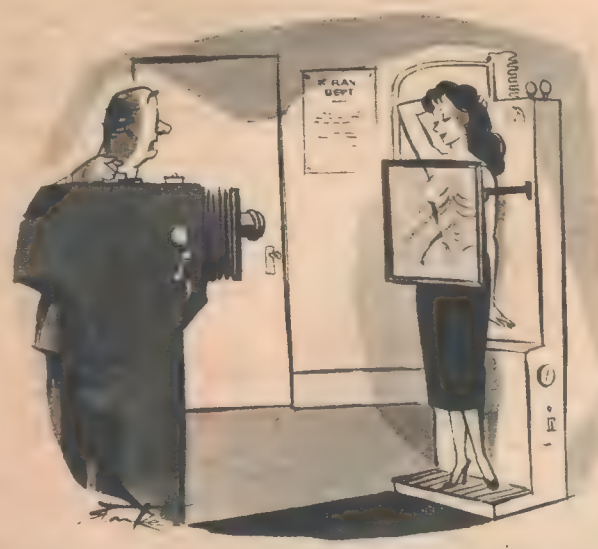
Deadly sins

HATRED, malice and cruelty. I sometimes think that these are the three modern deadly sins.

They destroy everything that is good. Not only do they harm those to whom they are directed; they twist and warp those who employ them.

The Druids once said: "There are three things lovable in a man: peace, wisdom and kindness." Down the centuries, this saying has remained unchallenged.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



"You can relax now, Miss Bonnygate. This isn't a photograph in the ordinary sense of the word"

Collins and drank it quickly, as a toast to a man she would never see again. A warm sentimentality crept into her mind, urged on by the music. She had a strong urge to bring the attention of these dancers to the news that the Captain of the Northbound Crew had run the gauntlet in the teeth of the storm, back to Bermuda that night, was this very minute probably in the crew car on his way to the hotel.

All her capacity for love, bottled up for so long, only released privately in small doses on some actor in a film, some character in a book, now went out unreservedly to this unknown pilot. It was queer that the Captain of the Southbound Crew had not fired her imagination the way (how did he put it?) the Black King had done. South was a silly, soft, too hot word; but there was something melancholy about the north. A lonely coldness curled out of those five letters like a frozen breath.

A TALL American came over. Vaguely she recognized him as a man she had seen on the boat. Perhaps she would like to dance? But no, she couldn't. It was sweet of him, but all the same she couldn't. There was a friend. She really didn't know what was keeping him. He should have been here an age ago.

The American returned to his table. But whatever was the Captain of the Northbound Crew doing? It was over an hour since the crew car had gone. She could picture him getting his bags together, having a talk with the relieving crew, drinking a cup of coffee. And then the ten-minute ride (it couldn't be more) back to the hotel.

Her thoughts tripped over themselves in their desire to find an explanation for his delay. The car might have broken down, or stuck in the mud churned up by all this rain. Or perhaps (and a wave of fear went through her) he might be ill. She saw in a moment a doctor and an ambulance; his crew were carrying him down from the aeroplane on a stretcher. Or perhaps he had friends in Bermuda; a whole bevy of girls had been down at the airport to meet him; they had arranged a party for all his crew—they must come, all of them. And off he'd gone in the car, thoughtless and laughing, elsewhere, away from her.

She started to feel lonely and a little sad. The happy romanticism of a short time ago dissolved in the consciousness that she had been sitting alone at this table for over an hour. She became aware that her behaviour would be considered unusual, peculiar. Self-consciousness flooded in on her and put a stop to her dreams. She was more than grateful when the tall American appeared at her side again.

"Your friend," he said to her, boyish, uncertain. "Surely he's a long time coming. I was thinking, maybe a dance with me would help fill in for a while."

She looked up at him and saw the things she was used to, things that meant home and security to her—the kind brown eyes, the loose-cut, double-breasted jacket, the college tie, the appealing, innocent incompleteness of the young American male without his girl.

"I'd be glad to," she said.

Primly, she raised her dress a little as she rose from the table. The satin lapped protectively around her. Her perfume, just enough for the two of them, enveloped them smoothly.

"I'd seen you before," the tall American said. "I saw you several times on the boat coming over, but I lost you in the crowd. Then I saw you just before dinner coming downstairs. And I said to myself: 'You're in luck, boy. Now that's a girl, that's a girl, that's a girl'—excuse me, the needle seems to be sticking—'that I'd like to meet.' My name's Lionel, but my friends call me Leo."

The well-known, direct approach pleased her now. She was beginning to feel much more at home, much more sure of herself.

"And my name's Muriel. I'm pleased to meet you, Leo." They both smiled at each other. There was no mystery about him. He worked in an office, he told her, and was down in Bermuda on ten days' vacation.

"Well, that's a thing," she said, "so am I."

"But you'll know lots of people. Like the man in uniform you were talking to. And the man you're waiting for."

Somehow, the incident with the Captain of the Northbound Crew seemed all of a sudden unreal to her, a fantasy built up of cobwebs. "Oh, but truly, I don't," she said. "I just met him casually. He's an English airline pilot. And he's gone off flying now. I'd no sooner thought I was getting to know him when he'd gone, so that I almost feel he was never here at all."

Leo's broad shoulders shut the light away from her face. In the darkness she rubbed her cheek gently against the warmth of his coat.

He went on talking about himself and his life. He was in a small job now, but he had plans at which he worked sixteen hours a day. There was some invention he'd made, an excellent little gadget which could be attached to a refrigerator to give a cheap and instantaneous air-conditioning. Any number of people were interested in it.

Already she could see the ring round the world his invention would make. "How exciting it sounds, Leo," she said. "What a wonderful idea!" She was hardly aware of the music, she was listening to him so hard.

"The best idea is my house," he

..the open road

To get the best out of your bike it must be in tip-top condition. That's why so many keen cyclists rely on Halfords for all their spares and accessories. They know that they get the best selection of reliable goods at Halfords.

Halfords

THE SHOP WITH A GOOD DEAL TO OFFER

THERE'S A BRANCH IN EVERY LARGE TOWN

COGENE works fast, and much more thoroughly than any pain-killer you've tried before. Cogene is a compound. The Codeine in it quickly calms the throbbing nerves so that the pain ebbs away. Then other ingredients stimulate the system, counteract depression and give you a lift. Cogene is quick. Cogene is safe. Keep some handy, for headaches and all nerve-pains, for rheumatism, to break up the beginnings of 'flu, and to relieve 'dry cough' and the discomfort of sore throat.

'COGENE' THE COMPOUND PAIN-KILLER
that also gives you a lift
Regd. Trade Mark

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'SANATOGEN'

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

Every month Britain's railways carry more than 22 million tons of goods, and the marshalling of this enormous traffic requires powerful shunting locomotives of the utmost reliability. 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' diesel-electric shunters, handling loads of hundreds of tons, are doing this job 24 hours a day — not only in Britain but on railways all over the world.

bringing you

In the monthly total of freight transported by Britain's railways are 4¼ million tons of food and general merchandise for the shops. 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' plays a vital part in ensuring that your meat, fish, fruit and vegetables are delivered regularly and on time — one more example of the many ways in which The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company brings electric power to the service of millions of people.

better living

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

said, "somewhere on Long Island, with a veranda and a barbecue, and a large lounge with television, and a couple of kids shining as clean as those polished apples the Italians set up in their stalls in my home town. And then, of course, there'd have to be someone else. Someone very special."

"And who would that be?"

"A girl in a fine yellow dress, with long black hair and gentle eyes, to look after us all."

For a minute she felt the tears prick at her eyelids as the wonder of being wanted filled her. This was a real, tangible happiness.

"But then, time's getting on. What about your friend?"

"My friend?" For a moment she had forgotten. Then she remembered. "A crew seems to be coming in now. Would he be among them?"

She looked over to the hall where there was a new collection of bags. She recognized him, the same uniform, the same gold bars on his sleeve. The new Captain of the Northbound Crew had arrived.

Such a small man, too. He would only come up, she reckoned, to Leo's chest. He was kneeling down, unlocking a dirty fibre suitcase with a white label, "Crew," on it. They both stopped dancing and stood by their table, watching him. He extracted an old green tweed sports coat, and took off his uniform jacket, stuffing it back into the suitcase. Standing up straight again, he put his arms through the sleeves of the coat. His thin lips curled downwards, and his eyes looked as though they saw nothing, stamped as they were with round rings of tiredness.

Leo and Muriel watched him take a seat at a table near them, where

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

he was joined by three of his crew.

"Isn't that your friend?"

But she denied it; and they went dancing on. Her eyes, however, kept a watch on them, and every time she neared the corner where the four of them sat, staring at the dance floor and saying nothing to each other, she asked herself, was he there or wasn't he? He must be. She saw rain stains had blackened his blue uniform trousers, that there was thick mud on the shoes that jutted out under the sparkling white tablecloth. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, that's who they were.

The candle in front of them twisted their tired, silent faces into the peaked masks of the world's pain. An aura of struggle hung over them like a malignant halo. She shuddered slightly every time she passed. They had no right to let the storm of the world into this quiet haven of safety and happiness. This was a holiday hotel, where there should be nothing but laughter and laziness.

The music was so soft. The light was so flattering. The gowns challenged all gloom with their fire and their brilliance. And Muriel, chilled by the four of them, shrank for comfort nearer and nearer to Leo, felt his firm hand at her back, his breath moving gently on her hair, the good American material of his suit pressed against her soft satin. And he was talking so caressingly about such familiar things. He was telling her about cooking trout, caught from a lake in the Adirondaks, over an open fire, of clambakes and midnight bathes, of juke-box jaunts with his college girl friends—"but truly, Muriel, they were good sports to me and nothing more"—of his rich uncle, of the dollars his invention spelt, of American children, of American comforts, of the American way of life.

How alive he was, how very kindly and understanding! What a wonderful wall against the unpleasantness of the world her Leo presented! Gently his lips in the semi-darkness brushed her cheek. Passionately and gratefully, not caring who saw her, she pulled his head down to her, so that her lips could tell him without fear of misunderstanding that he was a real person, made like she was, somebody warm and reliable and solid.

Not like the Captain of the Northbound Crew and his three companions, sitting there in the corner, let down for a space of time from the invisible web they wove across the world, unnecessarily connecting the happy places with sorely troubled cities, and letting cold gusts of sadness come in with them to where, before, all was comfortable and safe and just as it should be.

THE END

DARK CONSPIRACY

Continued from page 18

would direct him to the Ushers' Parlour.

"Nay, to the lodging of the Lord Chamberlain," said Derrick. "I——" he broke off as Jack's officer looked in their direction.

DERRICK waited at Holbein's Gate for a full half-hour. His spirits sank lower and lower, and now he cursed himself that he had not at least asked the man where he lodged. Also, he reflected agitatedly, he ought to have got more details from him concerning the "Lopping Point," the method to be used, the time and place. When the clocks chimed a quarter to nine, a new fear struck him; he had prepared the ground by asking the Lord Chamberlain for a private interview between eight and nine o'clock, and the Lord Chamberlain was not a person to be kept waiting. Unless Derrick hastened to him now, he might find that my lord had gone off in a huff. So as he had hastened to Holbein's Gate three-quarters of an hour earlier, so now he raced along in the opposite direction, arriving breathless at the Chamberlain's lodging.

On being admitted to the presence of this personage, Derrick found him pacing up and down with his watch in his hand. Scarcely had Derrick made his bow than the Chamberlain snapped:

"Now, Mr. Calder, I must be sharp with you, I really must. This is most unfitting, most unmannerly. You craved the favour of a private audience with me betwixt eight and nine of the clock; it is now precisely seven minutes to nine, as you may see by my watch, and you should be aware that I am not accustomed to being kept waiting by my Officers in Ordinary."

"I beg your lordship to excuse this seeming discourtesy," said Derrick. "I stayed for a man whom I hoped to present to your lordship, but he came not. I must even endeavour, therefore, to convince you of the truth of what I have to say without him, and I most earnestly beg that, despite the inconvenience I have caused you, your lordship will hear me out."

"Well, then, be brief, if you please," sighed the Chamberlain, seating himself in a winged chair close to the fire. "Now what is this matter which is so urgent that none but myself can advise you upon it?"

Derrick took a deep breath. "My Lord Chamberlain, I have to tell you that there is a plot abroad which must be investigated without delay."

"A plot?" repeated the Chamberlain vaguely, blinking a little as he spoke. "Bless me, what's this? Mr. Calder, I do hope that you are not wasting my time with coffee-house talk; the town is ever full of rumours, and young gentlemen like yourself are apt to set too much store by 'em. I protest, I have heard no talk of such a thing."

"That was as I feared, my lord," said Derrick shortly, "and it is for this very reason that I have approached you. So far, it seems, the conspirators have kept their plans very quiet and are the more to be feared for that. Have I your lordship's leave to tell you all I know concerning the matter?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said his lordship reluctantly, drawing a fur rug over his knees and appearing much more concerned with a possible draught than in what his visitor was saying. "But pray be brief, Mr. Calder, for I must remind you that I am engaged for supper and am already late."

SO Derrick, trying desperately not to be discouraged by the obvious hint that the whole thing was but a figment of his own imagination, marshalled his facts and told his story. He kept out of it the names of Josiah Keeling and Daniel Jolly, and explained that he had first got upon the scent of a plot by the accidental obtaining of a paper, not meant for his eyes, which advertised a meeting; and at appropriate intervals he laid before the Chamberlain the copies of the letters and messages he had deciphered in the course of his investigations. My lord fingered these as gingerly as Daniel Jolly had done with the paper he had got from the ballad-monger, eyeing them with undisguised distaste; several times he made to interrupt.

At last, when Derrick came to relate his visit to Up Park and mentioned the Duke of Monmouth, my lord fairly leapt from his chair in his extreme agitation.

"Now, sir, I must really chide you. What you have said is most improper, and if spoken outside this room might bring you to the Provost Marshal for daring to accuse so great a personage. 'Ounds, Mr. Calder, would you have me believe that his Grace would so lay aside his duty as to connive at a rebellion against the King, to whom, sir, let me remind you, he is bound by—ahem!—more tender ties than those of a subject to his sovereign?"

"It is well known that Monmouth——" began Derrick, but again was interrupted.

The Chamberlain's face was red with fury, and his arms beat against the sides of his chair.

"Monmouth, sir, Monmouth, quotha! Odsblood, how dare you speak so of a duke! His Grace, the Duke of Monmouth, if you please, sir; upon my salvation, Mr. Calder, you forget yourself. I never thought to hear the like impertinence from one of my Officers in Ordinary."

"It is well known that his Grace, the Duke of Monmouth," continued Derrick, gritting his teeth, "is mighty discontented at being turned out of his posts, that he so far aspires to the crown that he has taken the bend sinister out of his coat-of-arms, has gone upon progresses in a manner fit only for royalty, and that when in private he encourages his friends to address him as 'your Royal Highness.' Likewise, that he hath been used by the opponents of the King in all their machinations, was the close friend of Shaftesbury, and has made no secret of the fact that he will prevent, if he can, the accession of the rightful heir when the King shall die. Under your favour, therefore, my lord, I see not why you should be so incredulous when I inform you that his Grace hath been so far seduced from his duty as to implicate himself in this plot."

"Mr. Calder," said the Chamberlain, in a voice which trembled with indignation, "you are a Gentleman Usher, not some great lord whose privilege it is to speak freely of personages like his Grace. Nor are you, sir, one of His Majesty's Life Guards, whose duty it is to smell out and report disaffection. You have presumed, sir, upon both counts, and I must let you know that thereby you have merited my extreme displeasure—my extreme displeasure, Mr. Calder. I can call it no less."

Derrick bit his lips to keep back the rage and frustration which longed to find vent in an oath.

"My lord," he said abruptly, "I am a loyal subject of his Majesty, howsoever lowly my birth and post at Court, and I believe your lordship will hardly deny that as a loyal subject it is my duty to report disaffection, much more plain treason, if such comes to my knowledge. If your lordship will only hear me out, I hope to convince you that here is not only rebellion being plotted, but the assassination of the King and the Duke of York."

"Proceed and have done, sir!" cried the Chamberlain, who nevertheless gave the impression that he longed to stop his ears. "I will strive to have patience, and as God is my witness I was never more in need of it."

MADE dogged now by this hostile reception of his story, Derrick related the rest of it in short, sharp sentences, keeping control of his voice, yet allowing the strength of his feeling through sufficiently to make his abrupt tones the more impressive, so that, as he proceeded, he saw that the Chamberlain was listening with more attention, was forgetting to peer around for imaginary draughts, and was even turning a little pale. But when at last Derrick came to the events of that morning, of how he had hoped to bring this fellow, the assistant rubber, forward, who so amply could confirm the worst part of his story, and of the man's failure to keep faith with him, the Chamberlain pounced on him like lightning.

"Ah, sir," cried he, with something resembling triumph in his tone, "there you have it. You have no second witness, no exact proof either, that this nasty conspiracy exists save in your own noddle, and therefore is there only your word that it exists at all. As for these papers you have shown me, they are but copies, sir, you have confessed it, and so are worthless and must not be admitted as evidence. Mr. Calder," continued my lord, holding up an admonitory hand as Derrick would have protested, "what you have told me, if it had foundation, would be horrid, very horrid indeed, sir, I grant you that; but has it foundation? I think it hath not." The Chamberlain, in his relief at this conviction, became a little playful, and wriggled in his chair like

JOHN BULL'S HOLIDAY GUIDE

It's time to think of holidays. Plan them now! Don't wait until the last minute. Some suggestions appear below and on the opposite page. Write for full information or send coupon, where applicable, now.

Flying Holidays

on currency of £25

Two people flying Air France, with no extras, no tips, and wonderful free meals and drinks, can enjoy up to 14 days abroad on their combined £50 currency allowance. Fares are paid in this country and do not come from the allowance.

Send coupon for this fascinating free book "Flying Holidays"

Flights to

PARIS NICE CORSICA
DINARD DEAUVILLE
LA BAULE MAJORCA
BARCELONA MADRID ITALY SWITZERLAND
AUSTRIA U.S.A. ASIA AFRICA AUSTRALIA

Your Travel Agent will give you the best advice

AIR FRANCE

The 4-Engine Service

Post coupon now

AIR FRANCE, 52, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1.
Post me free copy of "FLYING HOLIDAYS"

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

_____

_____ J.B

8 days Holiday Ostend · · £13/15/0

Here's how to make your foreign currency allowance go a l-o-n-g way. Be wise, Book NOW!

10 days holiday, Montreux (Spending money £16)	..	£22/5/0
15 days holiday, Nice (Spending money £9)	..	£33/0/6
15 days holiday, Bellagio (Spending money £13)	..	£33/5/0

YOU CAN STILL GO ABROAD THROUGH

COOKS

WRITE FOR DETAILS NOW
Dept. FW/3.MG Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd. Berkeley St., London, W.1, or call at any branch of Cooks or Dean & Dawson.

Butlin's

Where you make new friends

FREE BROCHURE from

439 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Norfolk Broads

for the holiday that is different

Send 4d. in stamps for 212 page book illustrating over 600 Yachts, Motor and House Boats for hire. Cruisers fully booked July/August.
BLAKES (Norfolk Broads Holidays) Ltd.
55, Temple Bar House · 23/28 Fleet Street, E.C.4

Inclusive from 5 gns. FOR your HONEYMOON or ANNUAL Holiday VISIT Glorious DEVON *for* 7 *days*
S.A.E. please for Brochure (fully illustrated)
"PARKROYDE HOTEL"
ILFRACOMBE
Open Easter to October

SUNNY SOUTHEND

Sun and Fun, ALL-IN Holidays. Guide (2d. stamp) from Inquiry Bureau, 26 Pier Hill, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA
TRAVEL BY RAIL
NORTH-EAST-WEST-
SOUTHEND'S BEST

Live Royally at...

ROTHESAY ISLE OF BUTE

Enjoy life at the Queen of Clyde Resorts. Every Pleasure. Breathtaking Scenery. Wonderful Steamer Trips. Illustrated Guide from W. S. Shelton, Information Office, Rothesay. Services and fares from Stations' Offices and Agents.

WESTON SUPER MARE

For Fun in the Sun

- The holiday centre of the West.
- Fine air and sands. Sports and attractions for everyone.
- Bowls Tourn., June 23—28
- Cricket Fest., Aug. 9—19

Guide free from
K. B. TURNER, TOWN HALL

EASTBOURNE

For a perfect seaside and country holiday combined. Entertainments, sports and hotels to suit every member of the family and every family purse. Fast electric trains hourly from London (Victoria). Guide (2½d. stamp) from E. W. Lee, Dept. 40, Information Bureau.

SUN TRAP OF THE SOUTH

BRILLIANT ILLUMINATIONS & MAGNIFICENT SEA FRONT · BANDS · GALAS · COACH TOURS · EXCELLENT SEA TRIPS · GARDENS · BEAUTIFUL

One great round of holiday pleasure

PORTSMOUTH and
SOUTHSEA

SEND for 88-page Pictorial Guide (6d. stamp) from A. KINNEAR, Room 61, Enquiry Bureau, Southsea.
Frequent Restaurant Car Trains from Waterloo.

YOU CAN STILL
Go abroad TO THE
ISLE OF MAN
It has everything for your holiday

NO CURRENCY RESTRICTIONS
Write for illustrated guide to: D. J. Bond, Publicity Dept., Isle of Man.

Royal
LEAMINGTON SPA

FOR DOUBLE VALUE HOLIDAYS!
Celebrated Holiday *and* Health Centre in the glorious Shakespeare Country. Splendid Guide-book (post 6d.) from Spa Manager, Room 30 Pump Room. For RAIL Services enquire at Stations, Offices or Agents.

a fat kitten. "All this talk of passwords and countersigns and secret writings and—dear me, what was it now?—fastenings and unfastenings of coat buttons—I protest, Mr. Calder, this is child's talk not fit to be taken seriously. Bless me, Mr. Calder," continued the Chamberlain, somewhat breathless from this long speech, "you are old enough to know better than to make me late for supper all for such nonsense as this."

"And suppose it is not nonsense," snarled Derrick, shaking with the rage which threatened to overwhelm him. "Suppose that, my lord; what then? 'Tis true what you say, that I have no exact proof to offer you, yet neither hath your lordship proof that this which you are pleased to dismiss as nonsense is not in fact treason."

"Pray use not that tone with me, sir," began the Chamberlain; but Derrick swept on.

"For two months now," he cried passionately, "I have risked my life daily in searching out, single-handed, the bottoms of this plot. I have feigned to be one of them, thus endangering myself, not only by courting their malice if they discovered my true character, but likewise by putting myself in peril of being implicated in their treason if it should be discovered ere I could lay an information. All this I have done because 'twas my plain duty, the duty of any man, be he lord or mechanic, who is a loyal subject of King Charles."

THE passionate sincerity with which Derrick had spoken had penetrated, it seemed, to that bottom layer of the Chamberlain's character which was composed of a genuine kindliness. He said mildly:

"I perceive that you have acted according to your lights, Mr. Calder, and have shown some courage and much care for the safety of your King and country. Therefore I am pleased to pass over your improper method of addressing me and shall not remember it against you. But as for this plot, methinks your zeal hath a little blinded your common sense. Yet if you will set down upon paper, calmly and without heat, all that you think you have discovered concerning it, and will submit it to me, together with these—these copies of letters and other such things, I will do you the favour of examining into the matter with due care, and will let you know my considered judgment."

Derrick lost his temper altogether.

"And meantime," he shouted furiously, "the King and the Duke may be murdered and the kingdom plunged into civil war!"

The Chamberlain rose.

"One word more like that in my presence, Mr. Calder," he shrilled, "and I shall summon the serjeants-at-arms and have you warded in your lodging. Never in my long experience hath one of my Officers in Ordinary so far forgot himself."

Derrick threw out his hands in a gesture of despair.

"Do what you will with me, my lord," he cried hoarsely, "only, for the the love of God, take measures to prevent these rogues from putting into action their hellish plans."

The Chamberlain softened again.

"I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Calder," said he, with the air of one indulging a fond but foolish child. "I will advise his Majesty's Secretaries of State that Robert Ferguson, called the Plotter, hath returned to this kingdom, and since a true bill was found against him by the Grand Jury last December for writing and publishing a seditious libel, doubtless they will issue out a warrant for his apprehension. For the rest of those you have named, we have nothing against them, though 'tis true that several have behaved themselves in past times not at all as they ought. Yet the law of England, sir, will persecute no man unless sure proof is offered against him." He pulled a tasselled bell-rope at his side. "And now, Mr. Calder, you have my leave to go."

As Derrick stumbled down the stairs, his head whirling with the anguish of frustration, desperate resolves raced through his mind. He would go to the Duke of York, to the Secretaries, to the King himself; he would make them listen, force them to act. But he knew in his heart that it was useless; from the criminal credulity with which they had drunk in the lies of Titus Oates, the Privy Council had gone to the other extreme and now laughed at plots in general; the Duke, indeed, would listen with his customary seriousness and justice, but the Duke could do nothing by himself. The King would not listen to talk of any conspiracy in which his beloved son, Monmouth, was involved; the Secretaries would ask Derrick why he had not taken the matter to the Lord Chamberlain. He was entangled in a web of etiquette, officialdom, and incredulity; and all the while the conspirators were going forward with their hellish plans.

When he reached home, he found that his wife was entertaining, and before he could escape to his own chamber, he was obliged to be polite to her guests. When at length he could escape, he flung himself, fully dressed, on to his bed, and endeavoured to examine the situation without emotion.

First, his own usefulness was finished. Grey would lose no time in making known to his fellow conspirators the real identity of "Simon Hill," and, besides this, it was not at all unlikely that the assistant rubber, seeking to curry favour with those of whom he was obviously afraid, would report the disclosure made to him by Derrick at the sweating-house. One thing was almost certain: that if by any means they could compass it without risk to themselves, the plotters would silence Derrick as soon as possible, either by bringing a false charge against him, as they had done in the case of his humble friend, the chandler, or else by the more certain way of murder. Against neither threat could he guard himself; and indeed he scarcely cared.

Before he dropped off into a sick, troubled sleep that night, he had come to one conclusion. If these plotters designed his destruction (as indeed they must do now), they would waste no time in attempting it, and before they struck he must taste again, perhaps for the last time on earth, the companionship of his love, Phoebe.

IT was a dark, wet, raw evening, more like November than February, when he trotted his horse along the familiar road to Hampstead. He had sent word to Phoebe to meet him in a private room at Jack Straw's castle.

From the moment he had left Whitehall, after changing out of his uniform, he had experienced the sensation of being followed, and despite his resolve to ignore such a possibility, had turned his head several times to see. Each time, he saw, at some little distance behind him, a fellow on horseback leading a pack-horse; he was hunched forward in the saddle, chewing a straw, and seemed quite uninterested in Derrick. Probably he was a perfectly innocent countryman, bound for some farm; on the other hand, he might be an assassin. To hell with him, thought Derrick. He will hardly dare to shoot me in the back in daylight, even in this lonely place; let me but get to Hampstead and Phoebe in safety, and afterwards, on the dark ride home, he may do what he will.

He felt a lump rise in his throat as he came to the familiar village. There was the Black Boy and Still, there the forge, and now he was passing Mr. Jolly's shop; the air was sharp and cold and clean after the smoke-laden atmosphere of London; pigs were straying about the street as usual, and an indignant housewife was shooing one from her clean doorstep. He felt as though he had been absent many years in some distant country, and was returned after much peril to the only home he knew. His spirits soared so dizzily from the depths to the heights when, having stabled his horse, he hastened into the private room and saw Phoebe sitting before the fire, that he could not speak for a moment, but stood silent, drinking in every detail of that beloved face and figure, warming his cold heart at her smile.

She was in her red-hooded cloak, which she had thrown back in the

"Oh—nothing much. Only cooking, cleaning, sewing, washing, ironing, baking, scrubbing, washing dishes, shopping. How about you?"

warmth of the room, and her bright brown hair was tumbled about her shoulders. She had kicked off her pattens and her stockinged feet swung gently in front of the fire, the toes wriggling sensuously in comfort and freedom.

"I had begun to think I had grown stale to you," said Phoebe, looking at him mischievously, "for you have deserted me for three weeks, you rogue. Come, give account of yourself, pray; you will not bubble me with tales of accompanying your royal master out of town, for though I am a rustic wench I hear the news and know very well that the Court hath not stirred from Whitehall since Christmas."

The publican, who had followed Derrick into the room to take the order, said eagerly: "You'll be away to Newmarket with the Court next month, Master Calder. Come, what will win the Town Plate this spring? There was a party of horse-coursers from Smithfield a-drinking in my house yesterday, and they spoke of nought but this grey gelding called Dragon belonging to my Lord Lovelace, which they swore was the best running-horse that ever ran a heat."

"Bless me!" cried Phoebe, "but I would like well to go to Newmarket and see the sport."

And seeing the sparkle in her eye, the zest for life, Derrick felt a lightening of his own spirits, and presently was talking freely and affectionately with her.

And so the time fled by. Often before when he was with Phoebe, Derrick had noticed the curious behaviour of time; an hour seemed a minute; the evening was scarce begun ere it was time for him to escort her home. As she put up her hood before they left, Phoebe surprised him by asking suddenly:

"When shall I see you again?"

It was a question she had never asked before, for ordinarily she was content to know that he would come to her whenever he could, and that if he did not come it was because of circumstances over which he had no control. Before he could answer her, Phoebe went on:

"You are sick in mind and body, Derrick. Oh, you have been mighty gay this evening, but your flesh is dry and burning as though you had a fever, and your eyes when they look at me see always something else. Come, what ails you? You may as well be plain with me."

He was straightening the curls of his peruke before putting it on, and despite himself he found that his fingers were unsteady. A desperate urge to unburden himself to her of all his troubles fought with a conviction that it would endanger their harmony, mar the perfection of what very well might be their last evening together. His troubles were his own, and he must keep them so. But as, accepting his silence, she turned smiling at the door to see if he were ready, his conviction that his parting with her tonight would be a final one so racked him that he caught her in his arms, pressed her closely to him, and spoke deep and quiet into the bright hair which nestled against his cheek.

"My dear and only love, you know that while I am in this world I shall never cease to come to you, or, if circumstances prevent me, to send word to you why I cannot come. But alack, we have no legal claim on one another, and so it might chance that, if some accident befell me, you would not hear of it, for there is no one who would think of letting you know. For this reason I have writ you a letter, which I have given into the hands of a trusted friend of mine, with instructions to him that—that if aught befell me of a fatal nature, he is to place it in your hands. Read this letter with clarity and understanding; what I have writ in it comes from the depths of my heart."

He stopped, half regretting having spoken, wondering how she would take it, for he knew she did not like this sort of intense talk. Then he heard her laugh a little, whether from embarrassment or to cover some emotion he durst not decide.

"Bless me," murmured Phoebe, patting his cheek, "what is all this talk of fatal happenings? Are you to fight a duel? Nay, I know very well what 'tis," she went on, laughing now in a natural manner, and seeming quite to have forgotten her late anxiety for him, "this wine we have been guzzling hath given you the melancholy; the grape's a spiteful thing, as often I have told you. Come your ways and let's wash it out with ale, for you are in the country now, and will find its potations more comfortable than your town-bred clarets."

He was grateful instead of hurt that she had resumed this light note, and was ashamed of the self-pity which had driven him into forsaking it just now. They went downstairs and into the common-room, crowded now, and spent an hour in light talk and jest.

When at last he must go to the stable to fetch his horse, he noticed without interest that there were two other animals there, the sorry nag and the pack-horse which he had observed coming along behind him as he had ridden up to Hampstead. Leading his own horse by the bridle, he went round to the front of the tavern and found Phoebe awaiting him at the door, her hood over her head to shield her from the rain which was now falling in a light drizzle. They walked slowly down the hill, not speaking. When they came level with her father's door, he caught her in his arms in the kind darkness, and kissed her lingeringly, unable to trust his voice to speak; so he watched her go, with a last gay wave of her hand; the door opened and shut, and he was alone in the night.

DANIEL JOLLY and his wife were out on a visit to a neighbour a few evenings later when there came a knock on the outer door. Phoebe was in by herself. She felt no nervousness at answering the door, even though it was such a dark night, for her little spaniel was with her, barking fit for two dogs, and Ned the 'prentice lay in the truckle bed under the counter of the shop.

A man stood in the doorway and a deferential voice inquired if she were Mistress Phoebe.

"Herself in person, sir," answered the girl saucily. "What would you with her?"

"Mistress," said the stranger, with a courteous bow, "'tis a very urgent and privy matter on which I seek you. I carry a message from a gentleman who has the honour to be a friend of yours, one Mr. Calder. This message cannot be given you in a few words, being weighty, and since I would not intrude into your father's house for reasons of delicacy—you understand me?—I beg that you will accompany me to the Upper Bowling Green, where, if you will oblige me by partaking of a whet, I will endeavour to make all plain."

Adad, thought Phoebe, here's gentlemanly talk. But underneath her

LAND OF BLUE SKIES SUNSHINE & SONG

GLORIOUS HOLIDAYS IN SUNNY ITALY

With a £25 currency allowance you can still enjoy the brilliant sunshine, blue skies and abundant and excellent food of lovely Italy.

14 DAYS ON THE LOVELY RIVIERA FROM 27 GNS.
14 DAYS VENICE, ROME TOUR ... FOR 33 GNS.
15 DAYS ROME, MALTA & SICILY ... FOR 69 GNS.
including travel London back to London, hotels and meals.

Spending money left after paying hotels: Riviera, £14; Venice-Rome Tour, £9; Rome-Malta-Sicily, £15 in Italy; no limit to Malta.
Sleepers for the night: 3rd class, 1½ gns.; 2nd class, 2½ gns.

POST NOW

ITALO-SWISS EXPRESS, 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1
Please send free illustrated brochure.

M.....

.....

S.V.29 .....

We've found the answer!

Making a home today is an expensive business, especiall if you want to interpret your own ideas in non-utility design, bu WEAVE found the answer! In our spare time we are making Pile and Plain Carpets, Rugs, Curtains and Soft Furnishings, Cushions, etc., and our only cost is the yarn, which is getting cheaper. But that's not all—a Weavemaster will also make Scarves, Ties, Bags, Travelling Rugs, Dress, Coat and Suit lengths to your design at a fraction of their real value. **Direct from the Makers, tax free, from 39/6**

Weave on a Weavemaster loom!

Large range of Hand and Foot Power Looms for wider and more intricate weaving, and the RUGMASTER. Also the AUTOWEAVE automatic loom for industrial output.

FREE Fill in coupon, post in unsealed envelope, only 1½d. stamp, for **28-page COLOUR HOME-WEAVING BOOK, 1952 Fashion Leaflet and Colour Prints of Rugs and Carpets** to G. R. Wood & Co. (Est. 1890), Weavemaster Weaving Centre, 206 Kensington Church Street, London, W.8.

BEST IN BRITAIN — GREATEST IN THE WORLD.

Name.....

Address.....

(JB7)

For ACID INDIGESTION

chew a couple of

'MILK of MAGNESIA' (REG'D.) TABLETS

By correcting acidity they give prompt relief from heartburn, flatulence and all other forms of acid indigestion.

*** 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets are handy to carry in handbag or pocket.**

Handy Pocket Packs—9d. & 1/5
Family Sizes—2/10 & 4/11

** 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia*

WIN £500 AND A RIVIERA HOLIDAY!

TEN JOHN BULL holiday guests flew to the Riviera last summer. "The most memorable holiday we've ever had!" declared one of them, £500 winner Mrs. P. M. Sands, Liverpool; her diary of the ten-day trip would fill this entire page.

Now comes your first opportunity of 1952 to join this summer's *Bullets* party in the Mediterranean sunshine. As this week's £500 winner, you (with your holiday companion) will fly B.E.A. to Nice; your rooms are already booked at nearby Menton and a trip into Italy is one of the thrills awaiting you.

Start now on your way to the sunny Riviera; get busy on those *Bullets* of yours and see that you post them by Tuesday, April 15.

Last year's *Bullets* Riviera Party, just after landing at Nice

"BULLETS" 1st PRIZE

£500 CASH PLUS 10-DAY

RIVIERA HOLIDAY for TWO

Winner and companion fly B.E.A. to Riviera. Luxurious accommodation at Hotel de Paris, Menton, also tour along Italian coast to San Remo and Alassio, provided by JOHN BULL through Cook's. (Cash offer in lieu if winner cannot join party.)

2,069 OTHER PRIZES

£60, £30, 2 of £10, 5 of £8, 5 of £6, 5 of £4, 50 of 10s.

2,000 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

FINE FOWL BONUSES

A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated May 3, and in JOHN BULL dated May 10), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

MYSTERY HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Batsman Winston
On The Uno Bus
Works Miracles
Condemned
In Love's Garden
Petrol's Precious, So
Coming Back
Lost His Job
Heavily Handicapped
To Get On With
She Dried Her Tears And
With Enthusiasm
Now Sonny's Got A Girl
Didn't Bite
Day At The Races
Out In The Open
Felt A Prize Fool
Among The Cannibals
Chicken Feed
Upset The Greengrocer

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Man On A.....
In No Mood For.....
Head Of The.....
Amateur .....
Their Way Of.....
Leading.....A Dance

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,829 (or Xword 781) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets" Winners 1,824

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus European Tour: H. Brinkworth, Redlands, Tynyrheol, Neath: BUDGET BOMBSHELL BLEW MY *Coat* OFF!

£50: R. A. Hill, 76 Woking Road, Guildford: OBSOLETE MACHINERY—*Rejecting* TRADE'S "GOOD COIN."

£25: Miss I. Beeby, 95 College Street, Irthlingborough, Northants: MAN AT THE TOP—SAW OPPORTUNITIES? *Foresaw* THEM!

OTHER AWARDS. £15: H. F. Holloway, 37 Woodlands Avenue, Sidcup: VOICE FROM THE BORED—CHILD—"LET *Mummy* DRIVE!" £10: Mrs. Joelson, 24 The Fairway, Northwood: VOICE FROM THE MEADOW—REPLYING TO PESSIMIST—"BAA!" £5: W. A. Bell, 9 South Crescent, Thirsk: BUDGET BOMBSHELL—MAKING *Britain* "TESTING GROUND." £5: L. Connelly, 3 Sowood Fold, Stainland, Halifax: ON FRANCE'S SHOULDERS—BURDEN OF *Unpaid* TAXES. £5: F. E. Morris, 3 Camberley Avenue, Raynes Park, S.W.20: SPRING, THE MAGICIAN—CAN'T *Shut Gate*, HIKER! £5: Mrs. G. M. Welham, "Beachfield," South Cape, Laxey, I.o.M.: ON BRITAIN'S SHOULDERS — DEBTS — LET'S "SQUARE THEM"! £5: Mrs. C. Wylie, 125 Court Street, Tonypandy: ON LABOUR'S SHOULDERS—TWO "HEADS"? THAT'S "MONSTROUS"!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*". *Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 ROASTING FOWLS

—one with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES — one for each 2nd Runner-up

Across Clues Xword 781

1. Parts of which often develop above the ground
3. Is very often the reverse of hot
5. Great care has to be taken when chasing one
6. Hard these are apt to make many people think they've been unlucky
7. Stir your compost heap of mowings and you'll find that inside it has become this
10. There are times when a wrinkle may easily make one
11. These are characteristic of the feathered world
12. They can do more harm than good

Down Clues

1. May have place in fixtures of many a kind
2. Conducting of this may be a simple business
3. The standing of these throws light on the prestige of country
4. With this, one expects heavy wash
8. Experience prevents a man being deceived by this
9. For some people this means it's time to get to work
10. Be particularly careful in your treatment of angry one

XWORD 776 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Doll. 2, Dove. 5, Change. 7, Knaves. 9, Man. 12, Loss. 13, Heals. 14, Sick. DOWN: 1, Drink. 3, Bake. 4, Noon. 6, Mare. 8, Stale. 10, Some. 11, Desk.

TWO £100 SHARERS: Mrs. J. G. Hodgson, 11 Wide Horizons, Newlands, Rake, Liss, Hants; M. E. Jones, 55 Mostyn Street, Llandudno.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 12 entrants each of whom received "Johnny Basket" in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.
BULLET
EX. ..... 6d.
B.
EX. ..... 6d.
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
B.

Closing Postmark **1,829** TUES., APR. 15

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value .....

Signed.....

Address .....

No. .....

FIRST SEASIDE PARTY "BULLETIN"—APPLY ON THIS COUPON

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated April 26. If requiring single copy only, affix 2½d. stamp below.

P.O. 1s. No. .....

For introductory copy of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated April 26

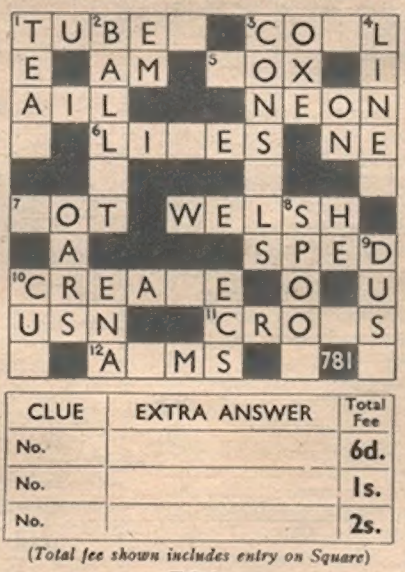
STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

642

£100 and 5 lb. FOWL Prizes for this XWORD



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **781** Closing Postmark TUES., APRIL 15

I enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.) Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 26.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

flippancy she felt a stab of fright. Although Derrick had said little to her of his actual discoveries, she knew enough of the business he had been engaged in during the past months to keep her awake many a night.

"Stay a moment while I fetch my cloak," she said abruptly, "and I will come at once." She ran upstairs, and returning after a moment dressed for out-of-doors, called to her dog to accompany her.

"Must this brute come with us?" inquired the stranger, eyeing the spaniel with distaste.

"I stir not abroad without my dog," replied Phoebe firmly. "You need not be afeared, sir, he has companied me in many situations wherein ordinarily a wench would be private, and I assure you tells no tales."

As they walked up Heath Street together, Phoebe cast surreptitious glances at her companion, in an endeavour to make out what sort of a man he was. But it was a dark night, and only when they passed the lighted window of some cottage could she make out more than a mere outline; he was, she thought, a man in early middle age, tall and spare. He walked with his head down-bent and his hat pulled low over his brows, and seemed to her to have a faint air of uneasiness.

For a while she attempted to make conversation, but her companion answering only in monosyllables, and her own anxiety for Derrick growing, she soon fell silent, and thus they came to the tavern.

The happenings of the next few minutes were so swift and so unexpected that, afterwards, Phoebe could scarce place them in their proper order. To reach the common-room, she and the stranger had to cross the yard, and in the centre of this there stood a coach, a four-horsed vehicle, with the leather curtains close-drawn at the windows. Weems, the landlord, was standing beside it, talking to the coachman on his box, and as Phoebe and her companion made to pass, Mr. Weems stepped forward as though to greet her. Phoebe was surprised, for he was no friend of hers and, being a haughty sort of man, he tended to ignore his humbler customers. She paused to hear what he would say, and as she did so the stranger who had brought her here stepped quickly up behind her and threw an arm round her head, pressing hard against her mouth.

In the shock of the moment she stood flaccid in the stranger's grip, and before she could regain her wits, Weems had flung open the coach door, the man behind her propelled her forwards, and as she was half lifted in this fashion, another man, who had been secreted in the coach, dragged her roughly into the interior. A wild barking followed, and then a yelp as someone kicked her dog; the first stranger leapt in beside her, the door was slammed, the curtains pulled over the windows again, the coachman shouted to his team to "Git up there!" and the vehicle rattled over the cobblestones and out into the moonlit road.

WHEN he arrived at Whitehall to go on duty the following evening, Derrick was met by a servant at the door of the Ushers' Parlour and told that a fellow had been inquiring for him, and was still waiting within. Derrick's heart missed a beat; he thought instantly, it is the assistant rubber; he has changed his mind and will come in as a second witness after all.

He pushed past the servant, flung open the door; and found himself face to face with Daniel Jolly.

Derrick exhaled a sharp breath. He was shocked, not only by the unexpectedness of finding Mr. Jolly here, but by the old man's appearance. His kindly face was unshaven, grey and drawn; he had an old cloak flung over his working clothes and apron, with its hood still pulled over his head; and his face was working with some violent emotion. Before Derrick could get out a word, a voice he scarcely recognized snarled:

"Villain! Where's my wench?"

"Your wench," repeated Derrick stupidly. "Phoebe?" And then, sharply and on a note of gathering

anguish: "Phoebe? What mean you, sir? Is she not at home? Hath something happened? Tell me instantly."

"While I was out visiting with my wife last night my daughter disappeared. Her dog arrived home after midnight covered with mud and with a rib broken. Charlie Weems, the landlord of the Upper Bowling Green, said he had seen her; she had come thither, said he, in company with a gentleman, they had drunk together in the common-room, seeming very fond of each other's company, and some time later he had seen them drive away towards London in the coach which had brought the gentleman to Hampstead. I begged of Mr. Weems to describe this gentleman, and from what he said, sir, I thought it to be you."

"It was not I," said Derrick shortly.

He walked away to the window and stood staring out. So they had struck at him through the girl he loved! They would not hide her in London, he reflected, striving desperately to be calm; it was too dangerous. Where else? There was Lord Grey's country seat, Up Park, in Sussex. It might serve, for it was secluded; but no, my lord having been so recently in serious trouble for the abduction of one woman, would scarce risk his head by another kidnapping.

IN the silence of the room a clock chimed musically, and Derrick realized without interest that the hour when he should have been on duty in the Duke's ante-chamber had just struck. The knowledge faded from his mind almost before it had come there.

He turned to old Jolly, words of easy assurance dying on his lips.

"I will find her, sir," was all he could say, at last. "And I will begin my search tonight."

"But your duties at Court, sir——" exclaimed the old man.

"Are ended, Mr. Jolly," answered Derrick, smiling without mirth. "I am already somewhat under a cloud with my Lord Chamberlain, and since I have missed his Royal Highness's evening levee, where I should be on duty, undoubtedly I shall be dismissed. Have no thought of me; only be assured that come what may I shall find your daughter. Go home now, sir; speak of this to no man; only if you have further news, come to me with it yourself, or if I am absent from London, inquire for Private Gentleman Younghusband, of the Third Troop of Life Guards. He is quartered at the Savoy; you must seek him there, and when you come at him, give him a message for me, or beg his own assistance. He will not deny you, for he is my very good friend."

Before the chandler could indulge in any further talk, Derrick bustled him out of the room, down the stair, and along the street, parting from him finally at Holbein's Gate. Then he called a hackney and bade the man drive him home; he must collect a few necessaries before starting forth on his difficult quest. Jolted along in the stuffy darkness, he beat his forehead with his clenched fist in wild self-accusation; fool that he had been, fool, fool to imagine that he alone was in danger. Here was the answer to the puzzle as to why they had not struck him down as soon as Grey told his fellow conspirators who "Simon Hill" really was. The disappearance of a Gentleman Usher was one thing. Questions would be asked in Court circles. The hue and cry would be raised. But no one would ask questions about the disappearance of a village wench. Through her they had him far more securely. Mind your own business, they said in effect, or you will never see the one you love again.

Well, he would do so; he had laid his information before the authorities; his duty was done. His life was narrowed now into one single purpose. To find Phoebe.

To be continued next week

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 18 is of Toscanini when a child.

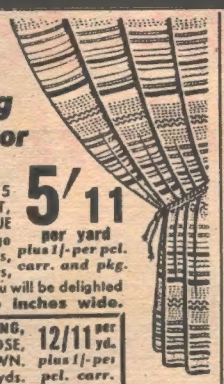
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

BARGAINS BY POST

Do not send cash unless registered. Cross postal orders or cheques

When ordering, write your name & full postal address—in block letters

FOLK WEAVE Curtaining Order NOW for EASTER



Beautiful quality fabric in 5 lovely colour blendings: RUST, TANGO, GREEN, ROSE, BLUE predominating on Light Beige grounds. Ideal for Curtains, bedspreads, cushion covers, etc. Send 4d. for patterns, you will be delighted with the quality. 46 inches wide.

5/11 per yard plus 1/- per pcl. carr. and pkg.

ALSO CHENILLE CURTAINING, 48in. wide. Self cols. of ROSE, GOLD, GREEN, RUST & BROWN. A length of 1½ yds. to 2½ yds. makes an excellent tablecloth. 12/11 per yd. plus 1/- pcl. carr. and pkg.

Ridgeway Stores, JB, Grosvenor St., Manchester, 1

Your figure made beautiful—

A CORSELETTE THAT DOES WONDERS! Corset and Brassiere combined in one smooth garment with uplift underbelt to preserve your line! Put one on IN YOUR OWN HOME and see the difference it makes! Ask for "All-in-One" Model V54. Send name (Mrs. or Miss), address, bust, waist, hips measure, and P.O. 5/- deposit. In figured broche, bust (32-in.–38-in.) 34/6, (40-in.–46-in.) 39/6. Pay balance 6/6 monthly. *Prices inc. 5% Credit Charge, returnable if full cash sent with order.*

AMBROSE WILSON LTD.
481 Ambron House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1

CURTAIN FABRICS

Printed Cretonne 46-48 INCHES WIDE

Beautiful Patterns and Colours. Guaranteed Fast to Light and Washing. (CONTROLLED RETAIL PRICE OVER 10/- yd.)

OUR PRICE ONLY 3/11 Per Yard

Send 6d. P.O. for actual samples

MILL RETAILERS (Dept. J.B.)
44 CORPORATION ST., MANCHESTER, 4

RUG WOOL

MAKES NEWS!

10% DISCOUNT ON ALL ORDERS OVER £5

12 shades at 6/- per lb. 18 shades at 8/6. 15 shades at 10/-. 19 shades Superfine quality Rug Wool at 11/6. Yarns for Hand Looms at 7/- per lb. Money back Guarantee. Write now for Free Colour Samples of actual RUG WOOL. Make your rugs 10 times as fast with the AIRLYNE AUTO-CUT RUGMAKER 42/6. Airlyne Rugmaker (without cutting action) 32/6. Airlyne Minor for Candlewick Needlework 32/6. Stockists of Strutt's Candlewick.

WATSON & BATESON (Dept. J.B.)
Crampton Street, Bradford, Yorks.

Now tax free ! !

the famous

PAKAMAC Regd.

THE RAINCOAT IN YOUR BAG

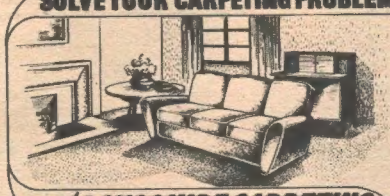
Latest American style plastic mac—will fit in pocket or handbag. Generous hood, press stud front on tape reinforcing, flapped patch pockets. Peach, Ice Blue, Nil Green, Natural.

42" length 13/6
44" 46" 48" 15/6
Outsize 17/6

Add 9d. Post and Pkg. (C.O.D. 1/- ex.)

Mrs. Brown, PAKAMAC LTD.
17 EAST STREET, MANCHESTER, 2

SOLVE YOUR CARPETING PROBLEMS



with LANCSHIRE CARPETING

Direct from the mill. Housewives throughout the country approve of this fine quality carpeting, it's soft, pleasing to the eye, and can be cut very neatly without fraying. Extra heavy quality, hard wearing, no underfelt required. Enhances the appearance of your furnishings and increases warmth and comfort to the home. Colours: Saxe Blue, Moss Green, Wine, Brick, Nigger, Beige, etc. Delivery within 10 days. *Send 1/- for samples (refunded if samples returned).* PRESTO SUPPLIES (Dept. J.B.11), Rye Street Mill, Preston, Lancs.

Price per yd	
18"	7/6
27"	11/-
36"	14/6
54"	21/-
Carr. Free	

Look fit . . . Feel fit . . . WEARING THE **LINIA BELT**

To enjoy your work and relaxation you must banish abdominal troubles. The Linia Booklet will tell you how.

Free from Dept. S.69

J. ROUSSEL LTD.
177 Regent St., London, W.1. *Tel. Regent 7570*

IDEAL for the HOME
FULL-SIZE LOCK-STITCH
SEWING MACHINE

British made. Standard Singer needles. Trouble free. Portable leatherette case. Spare needles, extra shuttle and bobbin. Instruction book. Unique patent magnifier, makes threading easy. 5 years guarantee. Carr. paid £15.15.10

EASY TERMS WIN CAMERA CATALOGUE 5d. Stamps

BINOCULARS WITH THE 6 GUINEA LOOK

for Aero, Field, Marine, Sport, Entertainment. Individual eyepiece focusing, with lanyard. Post 7d. 6/11

Direct from J. Bull (JB3), 246 HIGH ST. HARLESDEN, N.W.10

YOURS *for* £1 NOW

Wear and pay 10/- for 4 months

Satisfaction or Money Back

ALPINE GENTS WRIST WATCH

Swiss made, Jewelled Movement. Luminous Dial, with Seconds hand. Chrome finished case. Strong leather strap. Metal bracelet 12/6 extra. Other models, Ladies and Gents also available from 55/- to £9 18 6.

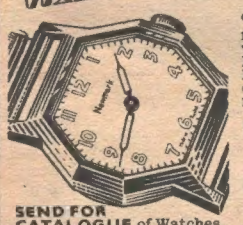
FIVE YEARS WRITTEN GUARANTEE. Send full cash or £1 deposit. Write for FREE Catalogue.

Personal Shoppers invited.

55/- CASH C.O.D. 1/3 EXTRA

SUPREME MAIL ORDER STORES
Dryden Chambers (Dpt. 7.E.), 119 Oxford St., London, W.1

GUARANTEED WATCH BARGAIN for MEN



'NEWMARK' English made Gent's watch, with metal bracelet, luminous dial and hands, a highly polished chrome finish. Six months' guarantee.

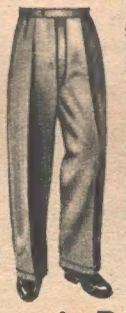
YOURS FOR 8/5 WITH ORDER and 8/3 monthly
CASH PRICE 63/-
Easy payment price 66/2

with plain dial 8/3 WITH ORDER and 7/9 monthly
CASH PRICE 59/6
Easy payment price 62/6

SEND FOR CATALOGUE of Watches, Jewellery, Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Radio, Cycles, etc., all on EASY PAYMENT TERMS.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd., Sheffield

***SPECIAL OFFER!* TAX FREE**



MEN'S BEST QUALITY WORSTEDS
Self supporting. 3 pockets. Turn-ups. Full cut. Available in Brown, Fawn and Lovat green. Wsts.: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40. Inside leg: 34, 35, 36. *Oil* Wsts.: 42, 44, 46, 48. Legs: 29, 31, 33 52/9

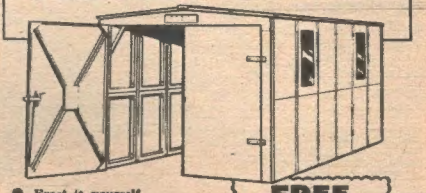
HARDWEARING GREY FLANNELS
3 pockets. Turn-ups. Full cut. Wsts.: 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Inside legs: 29, 31, 33. 37/6

OUTSIZE SPORTS COATS
Super Quality Bargain offer. In neat patterns of Brown, Fawn, Lovat green. S.B. Lapels. 3 pockets. Normal or Long sizes (state which). Chest sizes: 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 in. 72/9

Personal shoppers invited. Post and packing, 1/-. *Money Refund Guarantee.* C.O.D. 1/3 extra.

L. P. DIRECT SALES
(Dept. J.B.98), 66 Lower Clapton Road, London, E.5

The **BATLEY CONCRETE GARAGE**



- Erect it yourself
- Permanent yet portable
- No maintenance costs
- Deferred terms available

Send for free brochure

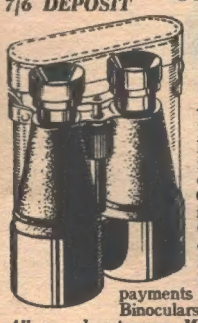
FREE DELIVERY *within 100 miles of* LONDON or COVENTRY

ERNEST BATLEY LTD.
32 College Rd., Holbrooks, Coventry Tel.: 89245/6

YOURS for 7/6 DEPOSIT

SPECIAL OFFER of LONG RANGE FIELD and MARINE GLASSES

Day and night model



The famous observation Binocular with superfine Lens combination, astonishing results of magnification and angle of view. Clear definition. Complete in case with shoulder sling. Cash price 69/6 or 7/6 deposit and 1/- for packing and post. Balance payable by 8 monthly payments of 8/3. Write for List of Binoculars by all the Famous Makers.

All on advantageous Monthly Terms.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 33)
94-104 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

THE AMAZING NEW
REMINGTON *Contour 6*
Electric DRY SHAVER
For only 25/- Deposit
ON 14 DAYS FREE TRIAL

The outstanding features are six diamond-honed heads, arched on a contour, to fit every type of face. Powered by the most efficient and silent Motor. The Contour Six gives Improved Shaving. Operates on 210/250 Volts A.C./D.C. Complete in Presentation Case. Cash Price £8.19.5, or 25/- Deposit on 14 days Free Trial. Balance payable by 8 Monthly payments of 20/-.

Write for General Lists.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 9)
94-104 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

SAVE MORE MONEY
Enjoy EVERY Smoke

Change to Lucullus, the popular, cool, fragrant Herbal Smoking Mixture for pipes and cigarettes.

Compare our prices.

4 oz.	Trial Packet	2/3	Post Free
8 oz.		3/9	,, ,,
1 lb.		6/6	,, ,,
2 lb.		12/3	,, ,,

(Postal Orders Only)

Mail Order Dept. W.G. 5, Lucullus House, 27 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2

LUCULLUS
SMOKING MIXTURE

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Everyone's pleased when you take home some Wall's Ice Cream!

There's always a rush to unpack the shopping when mother brings home Wall's Ice Cream. That means something really good to eat! This delicious, creamy food is so full of nourishment—and it solves the 'sweet' problem for the whole family too! Remember Wall's is *specially made* to stay firm longer. It's simple to take home. Just wrap it up well in a newspaper before you leave the shop. After 2 to 3 hours it will still be just right for eating.

Wall's
ICE CREAM
MORE THAN A TREAT-*a food!*

T. WALL & SONS LTD., LONDON, MANCHESTER, EDINBURGH

ICE 205-80